THE POEMS OF
RICHARD LOVELACE

LUCASTA

THE POEMS OF RICHARD LOVELACE ESQUIRE

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

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CONTENTS

PART II

I. POEMS ADDRESSED OR RELATING TO LUCASTA

	PAGE
DEDICATION	xi
To Lucasta. Her Reserved Looks	3
Lucasta Laughing	4
Night. To Lucasta	5
Love Inthron'd	7
Her Muffe	9
A Black Patch on Lucasta's Face	11
Another	12
To Lucasta	14
To Lucasta	15
Lucasta at the Bath	16
The Ant	19

II. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Song. Strive not, &c.	21
In Allusion to the French Song: *N'entendez vous pas ce Language*	22
Courante Monsieur	25
A Loose Saraband	26

CONTENTS

The Falcon 29
Love made in the First Age. To Chloris 35
To a Lady with Child that ask'd an Old Shirt 39
Song. In mine own Monument I lye, &c. 40
Another. I did believe, &c. 41
Ode. You are deceiv'd, &c. 42
The Duell 44
Cupid far gone 46
A Mock Song 48
A Fly caught in a Cobweb 50
A Fly about a Glasse of Burnt Claret 53
Female Glory 57
A Dialogue. Lute and Voice 59
A Mock Charon. *Dialogue* 61
The Toad and Spyder. A Duell 63
The Snayl 72
Another 75
The Triumphs of Philamore and Amoret 77
Advice to my best Brother, Coll: Francis Lovelace 85
Paris's Second Judgement 89
Peinture. A Panegyrick to the best Picture of Friendship, Mr. Pet. Lilly 90
An Anniversary on the Hymeneals of my Noble Kinsman, Thomas Stanley, Esq. 95
On Sanazar's being honoured with 600 Duckets by the Clarissimi of Venice 97

III. COMMENDATORY VERSES, PREFIXED TO VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS BETWEEN 1652 AND 1657

To My Dear Friend, Mr. E[ldred] R[evett] on his Poems moral and divine 109

On the Best, Last, and only Remaining Comedy of Mr. Fletcher, *The Wild-Goose Chase* (1652) 113

To My Noble Kinsman, Thomas Stanley, Esq.; on his Lyrick Poems composed by Mr. John Gamble (1656) 116

To Dr. F. B[eale]; on his Book of Chesse (1656) 117

To the Genius of Mr. John Hall (1657) 118

VI. TRANSLATIONS 123

V. ELEGIES ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR 167

LUCASTA

Poſthume Poems

of

Richard Lovelace Eſq.

Thoſe Honours come too late,
That on our Aſhes waite.

MART. LIB. I. EPIG. 26

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THE DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN LOVELACE ESQUIRE

SIR,

LUCASTA (fair, but hapless maid!)
Once flourisht underneath the shade
Of your illustrious Mother; now,
An orphan grown, she bows to you!
To you, her vertues' noble heir;
Oh may she find protection there!
Nor let her welcome be the less,
'Cause a rough hand makes her address:
One (to whom foes the Muses are)
Born and bred up in rugged war:
For, conscious how unfit I am,
I only have pronounc'd her name
To waken pity in your brest,
And leave her tears to plead the rest.

SIR,

Your most obedient
Servant and kinsman
DUDLEY POSTHUMUS LOVELACE

POEMS

POEMS

TO LVCASTA

HER RESERVED LOOKS

LUCASTA, frown, and let me die,
  But smile, and see, I live;
The sad indifference of your eye
  Both kills and doth reprieve.
You hide our fate within its screen;
  We feel our judgment, ere we hear.
So in one picture I have seen
  An angel here, the devil there.

LUCASTA LAUGHING

HEARK, how she laughs aloud,
Although the world put on its shrowd:
Wept at by the fantastic crowd,
Who cry: one drop, let fall
From her, might save the universal ball.
She laughs again
At our ridiculous pain;
And at our merry misery
She laughs, until she cry.
Sages, forbear
That ill-contrived tear,
Although your fear
Doth barricado hope from your soft ear.
That which still makes her mirth to flow,
Is our sinister-handed woe,
Which downwards on its head doth go,
And, ere that it is sown, doth grow.
This makes her spleen contract,
And her just pleasure feast:
For the unjustest act
Is still the pleasant'st jest.

NIGHT

TO LUCASTA

NIGHT! loathed jaylor of the lock'd up sun,
And tyrant-turnkey on committed day,
Bright eyes lye fettered in thy dungeon,
And Heaven it self doth thy dark wards obey.
Thou dost arise our living hell;
With thee grones, terrors, furies dwell;
Until *Lucasta* doth awake,
And with her beams these heavy chaines off shake.

Behold! with opening her almighty lid,
Bright eyes break rowling, and with lustre spread,
And captive day his chariot mounted is;
Night to her proper hell is beat,
And screwed to her ebon seat;
Till th' Earth with play oppressed lies,
And drawes again the curtains of her eyes.

But, bondslave, I know neither day nor night;
Whether she murth'ring sleep, or saving wake;
Now broyl'd ith' zone of her reflected light,
Then frose, my isicles, not sinews shake.

Smile then, new Nature, your soft blast
Doth melt our ice, and fires waste;
Whil'st the scorch'd shiv'ring world new born
Now feels it all the day one rising morn.

LOVE INTHRON'D

ODE

I

INTROTH, I do my self perswade,
  That the wilde boy is grown a man,
And all his childishnesse off laid,
  E're since *Lucasta* did his fires fan;
    H' has left his apish jigs,
    And whipping hearts like gigs:
  For t' other day I heard him swear,
That beauty should be crown'd in honours chair.

II

With what a true and heavenly state
  He doth his glorious darts dispence,
Now cleans'd from falsehood, blood and hate,
  And newly tipt with innocence!
    Love Justice is become,
    And doth the cruel doome;
  Reversed is the old decree;
Behold! he sits inthron'd with majestie.

III

Inthroned in *Lucasta's* eye,
  He doth our faith and hearts survey;
Then measures them by sympathy,
  And each to th' others breast convey;
    Whilst to his altars now
    The frozen vestals bow,
  And strickt Diana too doth go
A-hunting with his fear'd, exchanged bow.

IV

Th' imbracing seas and ambient air
  Now in his holy fires burn;
Fish couple, birds and beasts in pair
  Do their own sacrifices turn.
    This is a miracle,
    That might religion swell;
  But she, that these and their god awes,
Her crowned self submits to her own laws.

HER MUFFE

I

TWAS not for some calm blessing to deceive,
Thou didst thy polish'd hands in shagg'd furs weave;
It were no blessing thus obtain'd;
Thou rather would'st a curse have gain'd,
Then let thy warm driven snow be ever stain'd.

II

Not that you feared the discolo'ring cold
Might alchymize their silver into gold;
Nor could your ten white nuns so sin,
That you should thus pennance them in,
Each in her coarse hair smock of discipline.

III

Nor, Hero-like who, on their crest still wore
A lyon, panther, leopard, or a bore,
To looke their enemies in their herse,
Thou would'st thy hand should deeper pierce,
And, in its softness rough, appear more fierce.

IV

No, no, *Lucasta*, destiny decreed,
That beasts to thee a sacrifice should bleed,
  And strip themselves to make you gay:
  For ne'r yet herald did display
A coat, where *sables* upon *ermine* lay.

V

This for lay-lovers, that must stand at dore,
Salute the threshold, and admire no more;
  But I, in my invention tough,
  Rate not this outward bliss enough,
But still contemplate must the hidden muffe.

A BLACK PATCH ON LUCASTA'S FACE

DULL as I was, to think that a court fly
Presum'd so neer her eye;
When 'twas th' industrious bee
Mistook her glorious face for paradise,
To summe up all his chymistry of spice;
With a brave pride and honour led,
Neer both her suns he makes his bed,
And, though a spark, struggles to rise as red.
Then æmulates the gay
Daughter of day;
Acts the romantic phœnix' fate,
When now, with all his sweets lay'd out in state,
Lucasta scatters but one heat,
And all the aromatick pills do sweat,
And gums calcin'd themselves to powder beat,
Which a fresh gale of air
Conveys into her hair;
Then chaft, he's set on fire,
And in these holy flames doth glad expire;
And that black marble tablet there
So neer her either sphere
Was plac'd; nor foyl, nor ornament,
But the sweet little bee's large monument.

ANOTHER

I

AS I beheld a winter's evening air,
Curl'd in her court-false-locks of living hair,
Butter'd with jessamine the sun left there.

II

Galliard and clinquant she appear'd to give,
A serenade or ball to us that grieve,
And teach us *a la mode* more gently live.

III

But as a Moor, who to her cheek prefers
White spots, t' allure her black idolaters,
Me thought she look'd all ore-bepatch'd with stars.

IV

Like the dark front of some Ethiopian queen,
Vailed all ore with gems of red, blew, green,
Whose ugly night seem'd masked with days skreen.

V

Whilst the fond people offer'd sacrifice
To saphyrs, 'stead of veins and arteries,
And bow'd unto the diamonds, not her eyes.

VI

Behold *Lucasta's* face, how't glows like noon!
A sun intire is her complexion,
And form'd of one whole constellation.

VII

So gently shining, so serene, so cleer,
Her look doth universal Nature cheer;
Only a cloud or two hangs here and there.

TO LUCASTA

I

I LAUGH and sing, but cannot tell
Whether the folly on't sounds well;
But then I groan,
Methinks, in tune;
Whilst grief, despair and fear dance to the air
Of my despised prayer.

II

A pretty antick love does this,
Then strikes a galliard with a kiss;
As in the end
The chords they rend;
So you with but a touch from your fair hand
Turn all to saraband.

TO LUCASTA

I

LIKE to the sent'nel stars, I watch all night;
For still the grand round of your light
And glorious breast
Awake in me an east:
Nor will my rolling eyes ere know a west.

II

Now on my down I'm toss'd as on a wave,
And my repose is made my grave;
Fluttering I lye,
Do beat my self and dye,
But for a resurrection from your eye.

III

Ah, my fair murdresse! dost thou cruelly heal
With various pains to make me well?
Then let me be
Thy cut anatomie,
And in each mangled part my heart you'l see.

LUCASTA AT THE BATH

I

I' TH' autumn of a summer's day,
When all the winds got leave to play,
Lucasta, that fair ship, is lanch'd,
And from its crust this almond blanch'd.

II

Blow then, unruly northwind, blow,
'Till in their holds your eyes you stow;
And swell your cheeks, bequeath chill death;
See! she hath smil'd thee out of breath.

III

Court, gentle zephyr, court and fan
Her softer breast's carnation wan;
Your charming rhethorick of down
Flyes scatter'd from before her frown.

IV

Say, my white water-lilly, say,
How is't those warm streams break away,
Cut by thy chast cold breast, which dwells
Amidst them arm'd in isicles?

V

And the hot floods, more raging grown,
In flames of thee then in their own,
In their distempers wildly glow,
And kisse thy pillar of fix'd snow.

VI

No sulphur, through whose each blew vein
The thick and lazy currents strein,
Can cure the smarting nor the fell
Blisters of love, wherewith they swell.

VII

These great physicians of the blind,
The lame, and fatal blains of Inde
In every drop themselves now see
Speckled with a new leprosie.

VIII

As sick drinks are with old wine dash'd
Foul waters too with spirits wash'd,
Thou greiv'd, perchance, one tear let'st fall,
Which straight did purifie them all.

IX

And now is cleans'd enough the flood,
Which since runs cleare as doth thy blood;
Of the wet pearls uncrown thy hair,
And mantle thee with ermin air.

X

Lucasta, hail! fair conqueresse
Of fire, air, earth and seas!
Thou whom all kneel to, yet even thou
Wilt unto love, thy captive, bow.

THE ANT

I

FORBEAR, thou great good husband, little ant;
A little respite from thy flood of sweat!
Thou, thine own horse and cart under this plant,
Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat;
Down with thy double load of that one grain!
It is a granarie for all thy train.

II

Cease, large example of wise thrift, awhile
(For thy example is become our law),
And teach thy frowns a seasonable smile:
So Cato sometimes the nak'd Florals saw.
And thou, almighty foe, lay by thy sting,
Whilst thy unpay'd musicians, crickets, sing.

III

Lucasta, she that holy makes the day,
And 'stills new life in fields of fueillemort,
Hath back restor'd their verdure with one ray,
And with her eye bid all to play and sport,
Ant, to work still! age will thee truant call;
And to save now, th'art worse than prodigal.

IV

Austere and cynick! not one hour t' allow,
  To lose with pleasure, what thou gotst with pain;
But drive on sacred festivals thy plow,
  Tearing high-ways with thy ore-charged wain.
Not all thy life-time one poor minute live,
And thy ore-labour'd bulk with mirth relieve?

V

Look up then, miserable ant, and spie
  Thy fatal foes, for breaking of their law,
Hov'ring above thee: Madam *Margaret Pie:*
  And her fierce servant, meagre Sir *John Daw:*
Thy self and storehouse now they do store up,
And thy whole harvest too within their crop.

VI

Thus we unt[h]rifty thrive within earth's tomb
  For some more rav'nous and ambitious jaw:
The grain in th' ant's, the ant in the pie's womb,
  The pie in th' hawk's, the hawk ith' eagle's maw.
So scattering to hord 'gainst a long day,
Thinking to save all, we cast all away.

SONG

I

STRIVE not, vain lover, to be fine;
Thy silk's the silk-worm's, and not thine:
You lessen to a fly your mistriss' thought,
To think it may be in a cobweb caught.
What, though her thin transparent lawn
Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn:
Not all the arms the god of fire ere made
Can the soft bulwarks of nak'd love invade.

II

Be truly fine, then, and yourself dress
In her fair soul's immac'late glass.
Then by reflection you may have the bliss
Perhaps to see what a true fineness is;
When all your gawderies will fit
Those only that are poor in wit.
She that a clinquant outside doth adore,
Dotes on a gilded statue and no more.

IN ALLUSION TO THE FRENCH SONG *N'ENTENDEZ VOUS PAS CE LANGUAGE*

Chorus

Then understand you not (fair choice)
This language without tongue or voice?

I

HOW often have my tears
Invaded your soft ears,
And dropp'd their silent chimes
A thousand thousand times?
Whilst echo did your eyes,
And sweetly sympathize;
But that the wary lid
Their sluces did forbid.

Cho. Then understand you not (fair choice)
This language without tongue or voice?

II

My arms did plead my wound,
Each in the other bound;
Volleys of sighs did crowd,
And ring my griefs alowd;

Grones, like a canon-ball,
Batter'd the marble wall,
That the kind neighb'ring grove
Did mutiny for love.

Cho. Then understand you not (fair choice)
This language without tongue or voice?

III

The rheth'rick of my hand
Woo'd you to understand;
Nay, in our silent walk
My very feet would talk;
My knees were eloquent,
And spake the love I meant;
But deaf unto that ayr,
They, bent, would fall in prayer.

Cho. Yet understand you not (fair choice)
This language without tongue or voice?

IV

No? Know, then, I would melt
On every limb I felt,

And on each naked part
Spread my expanded heart,
That not a vein of thee
But should be fill'd with mee.
Whilst on thine own down, I
Would tumble, pant, and dye.

Cho. You understand not this (fair choice);
This language wants both tongue and voice.

COURANTE MONSIEUR

THAT frown, Aminta, now hath drown'd
Thy bright front's pow'r, and crown'd
Me that was bound.
No, no, deceived cruel, no!
Love's fiery darts,
Till tipt with kisses, never kindle hearts.

Adieu, weak beauteous tyrant, see!
Thy angry flames meant me,
Retort on thee:
For know, it is decreed, proud fair,
I ne'r must dye
By any scorching, but a melting, eye.

A LOOSE SARABAND

I

NAY, prethee, dear, draw nigher,
Yet closer, nigher yet;
Here is a double fire,
A dry one and a wet.
True lasting heavenly fuel
Puts out the vestal jewel,
When once we twining marry
Mad love with wild canary.

II

Off with that crowned Venice,
'Till all the house doth flame,
Wee'l quench it straight in Rhenish,
Or what we must not name.
Milk lightning still asswageth;
So when our fury rageth,
As th' only means to cross it,
Wee'l drown it in love's posset.

III

Love never was well-willer
Unto my nag or mee,

Ne'r watter'd us ith' cellar,
  But the cheap buttery.
At th' head of his own barrells,
Where broach'd are all his quarrels,
Should a true noble master
Still make his guest his taster.

IV

See, all the world how't staggers,
  More ugly drunk then we,
As if far gone in daggers
  And blood it seem'd to be.
We drink our glass of roses,
Which nought but sweets discloses:
Then in our loyal chamber
Refresh us with love's amber.

V

Now tell me, thou fair cripple,
  That dumb canst scarcely see
Th' almightinesse of tipple,
  And th' ods 'twixt thee and thee,
What of Elizium's missing,
Still drinking and still kissing;

Adoring plump October;
Lord! what is man, and sober?

VI

Now, is there such a trifle
  As honour, the fools gyant,
What is there left to rifle,
  When wine makes all parts plyant?
Let others glory follow,
In their false riches wallow,
And with their grief be merry:
Leave me but love and sherry.

THE FALCON

FAIR Princesse of the spacious air,
That hast vouchsaf'd acquaintance here,
With us are quarter'd below stairs,
That can reach heav'n with nought but pray'rs;
Who, when our activ'st wings we try,
Advance a foot into the sky.

Bright heir t' th' bird imperial,
From whose avenging penons fall
Thunder and lightning twisted spun!
Brave cousin-german to the Sun!
That didst forsake thy throne and sphere,
To be an humble pris'ner here;
And for a pirch of her soft hand,
Resign the royal woods' command.

How often would'st thou shoot heav'ns ark,
Then mount thy self into a lark;
And after our short faint eyes call,
When now a fly, now nought at all!
Then stoop so swift into our sence,
As thou wert sent intelligence!

Free beauteous slave, thy happy feet
In silver fetters vervails meet,
And trample on that noble wrist,
The gods have kneel'd in vain t' have kist.
But gaze not, bold deceived spye,
Too much oth' lustre of her eye;
The Sun thou dost out stare, alas!
Winks at the glory of her face.

Be safe then in thy velvet helm,
Her looks are calms that do orewhelm,
Then the Arabian bird more blest,
Chafe in the spicery of her breast,
And loose you in her breath a wind
Sow'rs the delicious gales of Inde.

But now a quill from thine own wing
I pluck, thy lofty fate to sing;
Whilst we behold the varions fight
With mingled pleasure and affright;
The humbler hinds do fall to pray'r,
As when an army's seen i' th' air,
And the prophetick spannels run,
And howle thy epicedium.

The heron mounted doth appear
On his own Peg'sus a lanceer,
And seems, on earth when he doth hut,
A proper halberdier on foot;
Secure i' th' moore, about to sup,
The dogs have beat his quarters up.

And now he takes the open air,
Drawes up his wings with tactick care;
Whilst th' expert falcon swift doth climbe
In subtle mazes serpentine;
And to advantage closely twin'd
She gets the upper sky and wind,
Where she dissembles to invade,
And lies a pol'tick ambuscade.

The hedg'd-in heron, whom the foe
Awaits above, and dogs below,
In his fortification lies,
And makes him ready for surprize;
When roused with a shrill alarm,
Was shouted from beneath: they arm.

The falcon charges at first view
With her brigade of talons, through
Whose shoots, the wary heron beat
With a well counterwheel'd retreat.
But the bold gen'ral, never lost,
Hath won again her airy post;
Who, wild in this affront, now fryes,
Then gives a volley of her eyes.

The desp'rate heron now contracts
In one design all former facts;
Noble, he is resolv'd to fall,
His and his en'mies funerall,
And (to be rid of her) to dy,
A publick martyr of the sky.

When now he turns his last to wreak
The palizadoes of his beak,
The raging foe impatient,
Wrack'd with revenge, and fury rent,
Swift as the thunderbolt he strikes
Too sure upon the stand of pikes;
There she his naked breast doth hit,
And on the case of rapiers's split.

But ev'n in her expiring pangs
The heron's pounc'd within her phangs,
And so above she stoops to rise,
A trophee and a sacrifice;
Whilst her own bells in the sad fall
Ring out the double funerall.

Ah, victory, unhap'ly wonne!
Weeping and red is set the Sun;
Whilst the whole field floats in one tear,
And all the air doth mourning wear.
Close-hooded all thy kindred come
To pay their vows upon thy tombe;
The hobby and the musket too
Do march to take their last adieu.

The lanner and the lanneret
Thy colours bear as banneret;
The *goshawk* and her *tercel* rows'd
With tears attend thee as new bows'd,
All these are in their dark array,
Led by the various herald-jay.

But thy eternal name shall live
Whilst quills from ashes fame reprieve,
Whilst open stands renown's wide dore,
And wings are left on which to soar;
Doctor robbin, the prelate pye,
And the poetick swan, shall dye,
Only to sing thy elegie.

LOVE MADE IN THE FIRST AGE

TO CHLORIS

I

IN the nativity of time,
Chloris! it was not thought a crime
In direct Hebrew for to woe.
Now wee make love, as all on fire,
Ring retrograde our lowd desire,
And court in English backward too.

II

Thrice happy was that golden age,
When complement was constru'd rage,
And fine words in the center hid;
When cursed *no* stain'd no maid's blisse,
And all discourse was summ'd in *yes*,
And nought forbad, but to forbid.

III

Love then unstinted love did sip,
And cherries pluck'd fresh from the lip,
On cheeks and roses free he fed;

Lasses, like Autumne plums, did drop,
And lads indifferently did crop
  A flower and a maiden-head.

IV

Then unconfined each did tipple
Wine from the bunch, milk from the nipple;
  Paps tractable as udders were.
Then equally the wholsome jellies
Were squeez'd from olive-trees and bellies:
  Nor suits of trespasse did they fear.

V

A fragrant bank of strawberries,
Diaper'd with violets' eyes,
  Was table, table-cloth and fare;
No palace to the clouds did swell,
Each humble princesse then did dwell
  In the Piazza of her hair.

VI

Both broken faith and th' cause of it,
All-damning gold, was damn'd to th' pit;
  Their troth seal'd with a clasp and kisse,

Lasted until that extreem day,
In which they smil'd their souls away,
  And in each other breath'd new blisse.

VII

Because no fault, there was no tear;
No grone did grate the granting ear,
  No false foul breath, their del'cat smell.
No serpent kiss poyson'd the tast,
Each touch was naturally chast,
  And their mere Sense a Miracle.

VIII

Naked as their own innocence,
And unembroyder'd from offence,
  They went, above poor riches, gay;
On softer than the cignet's down,
In beds they tumbled off their own:
  For each within the other lay.

IX

Thus did they live: thus did they love,
Repeating only joyes above,
  And angels were but with cloaths on,

Which they would put off cheerfully,
To bathe them in the Galaxie,
  Then gird them with the heavenly zone.

X

Now, Chloris! miserably crave
The offer'd blisse you would not have,
  Which evermore I must deny:
Whilst ravish'd with these noble dreams,
And crowned with mine own soft beams,
  Injoying of my self I lye.

TO A LADY WITH CHILD

THAT ASK'D AN OLD SHIRT

AND why an honour'd ragged shirt, that shows,
Like tatter'd ensigns, all its bodie's blows?
Should it be swathed in a vest so dire,
It were enough to set the child on fire;
Dishevell'd queen[s] should strip them of their hair,
And in it mantle the new rising heir:
Nor do I know ought worth to wrap it in,
Except my parchment upper-coat of skin;
And then expect no end of its chast tears,
That first was rowl'd in down, now furs of bears.

But since to ladies 't hath a custome been
Linnen to send, that travail and lye in;
To the nine sempstresses, my former friends,
I su'd; but they had nought but shreds and ends.
At last, the jolli'st of the three times three
Rent th' apron from her smock, and gave it me;
'Twas soft and gentle, subt'ly spun, no doubt;
Pardon my boldnese, madam; *here's the clout.*

SONG

I

IN mine one monument I lye,
  And in my self am buried;
Sure, the quick lightning of her eye
  Melted my soul ith' scabberd dead;
And now like some pale ghost I walk,
And with another's spirit talk.

II

Nor can her beams a heat convey,
  That may my frozen bosome warm,
Unless her smiles have pow'r, as they,
  That a cross charm can countercharm.
But this is such a pleasing pain,
I'm loth to be alive again.

ANOTHER

I DID believe I was in heav'n,
When first the heav'n her self was giv'n,
That in my heart her beams did passe
As some the sun keep in a glasse,
So that her beauties thorow me
Did hurt my rival-enemy.
But fate, alas! decreed it so,
That I was engine to my woe:
For, as a corner'd christal spot,
My heart diaphanous was not;
But solid stuffe, where her eye flings
Quick fire upon the catching strings:
Yet, as at triumphs in the night,
You see the Prince's Arms in light,
So, when I once was set on flame,
I burnt all ore the letters of her name.

ODE

I

YOU are deceiv'd; I sooner may, dull fair,
Seat a dark Moor in Cassiopea's chair,
Or on the glow-worm's uselesse light
Bestow the watching flames of night,
Or give the rose's breath
To executed death,
Ere the bright hiew
Of verse to you;
It is just Heaven on beauty stamps a fame,
And we, alas! its triumphs but proclaim.

II

What chains but are too light for me, should I
Say that Lucasta in strange arms could lie?
Or that Castara were impure;
Or Saccarisa's faith unsure?
That Chloris' love, as hair,
Embrac'd each en'mies air;
That all their good
Ran in their blood?
'Tis the same wrong th' unworthy to inthrone,
As from her proper sphere t' have vertue thrown.

III

That strange force on the ignoble hath renown;
As *Aurum Fulminans*, it blows vice down.
'Twere better (heavy one) to crawl
Forgot, then raised, trod on [to] fall.
All your defections now
Are not writ on your brow;
Odes to faults give
A shame must live.
When a fat mist we view, we coughing run;
But, that once meteor drawn, all cry: undone.

IV

How bright the fair Paulina did appear,
When hid in jewels she did seem a star!
But who could soberly behold
A wicked owl in cloath of gold,
Or the ridiculous Ape
In sacred Vesta's shape?
So doth agree
Just praise with thee:
For since thy birth gave thee no beauty, know,
No poets pencil must or can do so.

THE DUELL

I

LOVE drunk, the other day, knockt at my brest,
But I, alas! was not within.
My man, my ear, told me he came t' attest,
That without cause h'd boxed him,
And battered the windows of mine eyes,
And took my heart for one of's nunneries.

II

I wondred at the outrage safe return'd,
And stormed at the base affront;
And by a friend of mine, bold faith, that burn'd,
I called him to a strict accompt.
He said that, by the law, the challeng'd might
Take the advantage both of arms and fight.

III

Two darts of equal length and points he sent,
And nobly gave the choyce to me,
Which I not weigh'd, young and indifferent,
Now full of nought but victorie.
So we both met in one of's mother's groves,
The time, at the first murm'ring of her doves.

IV

I stript myself naked all o're, as he:
For so I was best arm'd, when bare.
His first pass did my liver rase: yet I
Made home a falsify too neer:
For when my arm to its true distance came,
I nothing touch'd but a fantastick flame.

V

This, this is love we daily quarrel so,
An idle Don-Quichoterie:
We whip our selves with our own twisted wo,
And wound the ayre for a fly.
The only way t' undo this enemy
Is to laugh at the boy, and he will cry.

CUPID FAR GONE

I

WHAT, so beyond all madnesse is the elf,
Now he hath got out of himself!
His fatal enemy the Bee,
Nor his deceiv'd artillerie,
His shackles, nor the roses bough
Ne'r half so netled him, as he is now.

II

See! at's own mother he is offering;
His finger now fits any ring;
Old Cybele he would enjoy,
And now the girl, and now the boy.
He proffers Jove a back caresse,
And all his love in the antipodes.

III

Jealous of his chast Psyche, raging he
Quarrels with student Mercurie,
And with a proud submissive breath
Offers to change his darts with Death.
He strikes at the bright eye of day,
And Juno tumbles in her milky way.

IV

The dear sweet secrets of the gods he tells,
And with loath'd hate lov'd heaven he swells;
Now, like a fury, he belies
Myriads of pure virginities,
And swears, with this false frenzy hurl'd,
There's not a vertuous she in all the world.

V

Olympus he renownces, then descends,
And makes a friendship with the fiends;
Bids Charon be no more a slave,
He Argos rigg'd with stars shall have,
And triple Cerberus from below
Must leash'd t' himself with him a hunting go.

A MOCK SONG

I

NOW Whitehall's in the grave,
And our head is our slave,
The bright pearl in his close shell of oyster;
Now the miter is lost,
The proud Prælates, too, crost,
And all Rome's confin'd to a cloister.
He, that Tarquin was styl'd,
Our white land's exil'd,
Yea, undefil'd;
Not a court ape's left to confute us;
Then let your voyces rise high,
As your colours did flye,
And flour'shing cry:
Long live the brave Oliver-Brutus.

II

Now the sun is unarm'd,
And the moon by us charm'd,
All the stars dissolv'd to a jelly;
Now the thighs of the Crown
And the arms are lopp'd down,
And the body is all but a belly.

Let the Commons go on,
The town is our own,
We'l rule alone:
For the Knights have yielded their spent-gorge;
And an order is tane
With *hony soit* profane,
Shout forth amain:
For our Dragon hath vanquish'd the St. George.

A FLY CAUGHT IN A COBWEB

SMALL type of great ones, that do hum
Within this whole world's narrow room,
That with a busie hollow noise
Catch at the people's vainer voice,
And with spread sails play with their breath,
Whose very hails new christen death.
Poor Fly, caught in an airy net,
Thy wings have fetter'd now thy feet;
Where, like a Lyon in a toyl,
Howere thou keep'st a noble coyl,
And beat'st thy gen'rous breast, that o're
The plains thy fatal buzzes rore,
Till thy all-bellyd foe (round elf)
Hath quarter'd thee within himself.

Was it not better once to play
I' th' light of a majestick ray,
Where, though too neer and bold, the fire
Might sindge thy upper down attire,
And thou i' th' storm to loose an eye,
A wing, or a self-trapping thigh:
Yet hadst thou fall'n like him, whose coil
Made fishes in the sea to broyl,

When now th'ast scap'd the noble flame;
Trapp'd basely in a slimy frame,
And free of air, thou art become
Slave to the spawn of mud and lome?

Nor is't enough thy self do's dresse
To thy swoln lord a num'rous messe,
And by degrees thy thin veins bleed,
And piecemeal dost his poyson feed;
But now devour'd, art like to be
A net spun for thy familie,
And, straight expanded in the air,
Hang'st for thy issue too a snare.
Strange witty death and cruel ill
That, killing thee, thou thine dost kill!
Like pies, in whose entombed ark
All fowl crowd downward to a lark,
Thou art thine en'mies' sepulcher,
And in thee buriest, too, thine heir.

Yet Fates a glory have reserv'd
For one so highly hath deserv'd.
As the rhinoceros doth dy
Under his castle-enemy,

As through the cranes trunk throat doth speed,
The aspe doth on his feeder feed;
Fall yet triumphant in thy woe,
Bound with the entrails of thy foe.

A FLY ABOUT A GLASSE OF BURNT CLARET

I

FORBEAR this liquid fire, Fly,
It is more fatal then the dry,
That singly, but embracing, wounds;
And this at once both burns and drowns.

II

The salamander, that in heat
And flames doth cool his monstrous sweat,
Whose fan a glowing cake is said,
Of this red furnace is afraid.

III

Viewing the ruby-christal shine,
Thou tak'st it for heaven-christalline;
Anon thou wilt be taught to groan:
'Tis an ascended Acheron.

IV

A snow-ball heart in it let fall,
And take it out a fire-ball;
An icy breast in it betray'd
Breaks a destructive wild granade.

V

'Tis this makes Venus altars shine,
This kindles frosty Hymen's pine;
When the boy grows old in his desires,
This flambeau doth new light his fires.

VI

Though the cold hermit ever wail,
Whose sighs do freeze, and tears drop hail,
Once having pass'd this, will ne'r
Another flaming purging fear.

VII

The vestal drinking this doth burn
Now more than in her fun'ral urn;
Her fires, that with the sun kept race,
Are now extinguish'd by her face.

VIII

The chymist, that himself doth still,
Let him but tast this limbecks bill,
And prove this sublimated bowl,
He'll swear it will calcine a soul.

IX

Noble, and brave! now thou dost know
The false prepared decks below,
Dost thou the fatal liquor sup,
One drop, alas! thy barque blowes up.

X

What airy country hast to save,
Whose plagues thou'lt bury in thy grave?
For even now thou seem'st to us
On this gulphs brink a Curtius.

XI

And now th' art faln (magnanimous Fly)
In, where thine Ocean doth fry,
Like the Sun's son, who blush'd the flood
To a complexion of blood.

XII

Yet, see! my glad auricular
Redeems thee (though dissolv'd) a star,
Flaggy thy wings, and scorch'd thy thighs,
Thou ly'st a double sacrifice.

XIII

And now my warming, cooling breath
Shall a new life afford in death;
See! in the hospital of my hand
Already cur'd, thou fierce do'st stand.

XIV

Burnt insect! dost thou reaspire
The moist-hot-glasse and liquid fire?
I see 'tis such a pleasing pain,
Thou would'st be scorch'd and drown'd again.

FEMALE GLORY

MONGST the worlds wonders, there doth yet remain
One greater than the rest, that's all those o're again,
And her own self beside: A Lady, whose soft breast
Is with vast honours soul and virtues life possest.
Fair as original light first from the chaos shot,
When day in virgin-beams triumph'd, and night was not,
And as that breath infus'd in the new-breather good,
When ill unknown was dumb, and bad not understood;
Chearful, as that aspect at this world's finishing,
When cherubims clapp'd wings, and th' sons of Heaven did sing;
Chast as th' Arabian bird, who all the ayr denyes,
And ev'n in flames expires, when with her selfe she lyes.
Oh! she's as kind as drops of new faln April showers,
That on each gentle breast spring fresh perfuming flowers;
She's constant, gen'rous, fixt; she's calm, she is the all

We can of vertue, honour, faith, or glory call,
And she is (whom I thus transmit to endless fame)
Mistresse oth' world and me, and LAURA is her
name.

A DIALOGUE

LUTE AND VOICE

L. SING, Laura, sing, whilst silent are the sphears,
And all the eyes of Heaven are turn'd to ears.

V. Touch thy dead wood, and make each living tree
Unchain its feet, take arms, and follow thee.

Chorus

L. Sing. *V.* Touch. O Touch. *L.* O Sing.
Both. It is the souls, souls sole offering.

V. Touch the divinity of thy chords, and make
Each heart string tremble, and each sinew shake.

L. Whilst with your voyce you rarifie the air,
None but an host of angels hover here.

Chorus. Sing, Touch, &c.

V. Touch thy soft lute, and in each gentle thread
The lyon and the panther captive lead.

L. Sing, and in heav'n inthrone deposed love,
Whilst angels dance, and fiends in order move.

Double Chorus

What sacred charm may this then be
In harmonie,
That thus can make the angels wild,
The devils mild,
And teach low hell to heav'n to swell,
And the high heav'n to stoop to hell?

A MOCK CHARON

DIALOGUE

CHA. W.

W. CHARON! thou slave! thou fooll! thou cavaleer!

Cha. A slave! a fool! what traitor's voice I hear?

W. Come bring thy boat. *Ch.* No, sir. *W.* No! sirrah, why?

Cha. The blest will disagree, and fiends will mutiny
At thy, at thy [un]numbred treachery.

W. Villain, I have a pass which who disdains,
I will sequester the Elizian plains.

Cha. Woes me, ye gentle shades! where shall I dwell?
He's come! It is not safe to be in hell.

Chorus

Thus man, his honor lost, falls on these shelves;
Furies and fiends are still true to themselves.

Cha. You must, lost fool, come in. *W.* Oh, let me in!
But now I fear thy boat will sink with my ore-weighty sin.

Where, courteous Charon, am I now? *Cha.* Vile rant!
At the gates of thy supreme Judge Rhadamant.

Double Chorus of Divels

Welcome to rape, to theft, to perjurie,
To all the ills thou wert, we canot hope to be;
Oh, pitty us condemned! Oh, cease to wooe,
And softly, softly breath, lest you infect us too.

THE TOAD AND SPYDER

A DUELL

UPON a day, when the Dog-star
Unto the world proclaim'd a war,
And poyson bark'd from his black throat,
And from his jaws infection shot,
Under a deadly hen-bane shade
With slime infernal mists are made,
Met the two dreaded enemies,
Having their weapons in their eyes.

First from his den rolls forth that load
Of spite and hate, the speckl'd toad,
And from his chaps a foam doth spawn,
Such as the loathed three heads yawn;
Defies his foe with a fell spit,
To wade through death to meet with it;
Then in his self the lymbeck turns,
And his elixir'd poyson urns.
Arachne, once the fear oth' maid
Cœlestial, thus unto her pray'd:
Heaven's blew-ey'd daughter, thine own mother!
The Python-killing Sun's thy brother.
Oh! thou, from gods that didst descend,

With a poor virgin to contend,
Shall seed of earth and hell ere be
A rival in thy victorie?
Pallas assents: for now long time
And pity had clean rins'd her crime;
When straight she doth with active fire
Her many legged foe inspire.
Have you not seen a charact lie
A great cathedral in the sea,
Under whose Babylonian walls
A small thin frigot almshouse stalls?
So in his slime the toad doth float
And th' spyder by, but seems his boat.
And now the naumachie begins;
Close to the surface her self spins:
Arachne, when her foe lets flye
A broad-side of his breath too high,
That's over-shot, the wisely-stout,
Advised maid doth tack about;
And now her pitchy barque doth sweat,
Chaf'd in her own black fury wet;
Lasie and cold before, she brings
New fires to her contracted stings,
And with discolour'd spumes doth blast
The herbs that to their center hast.

Now to the neighb'ring henbane top
Arachne hath her self wound up,
And thence, from its dilated leaves,
By her own cordage downwards weaves,
And doth her town of foe attack,
And storms the rampiers of his back;
Which taken in her colours spread,
March to th' citadel of's head.
Now as in witty torturing Spain,
The brain is vext to vex the brain,
Where hereticks bare heads are arm'd
In a close helm, and in it charm'd
An overgrown and meagre rat,
That peece-meal nibbles himself fat;
So on the toads blew-checquer'd scull
The spider gluttons her self full.
And vomiting her Stygian seeds,
Her poyson on his poyson feeds.
Thus the invenom'd toad, now grown
Big with more poyson than his own,
Doth gather all his pow'rs, and shakes
His stormer in's disgorged lakes;
And wounded now, apace crawls on
To his next plantane surgeon,

With whose rich balm no sooner drest,
But purged is his sick swoln breast;
And as a glorious combatant,
That only rests awhile to pant,
Then with repeated strength and scars,
That smarting fire him new to wars,
Deals blows that thick themselves prevent,
As they would gain the time he spent.

So the disdaining angry toad,
That calls but a thin useless load,
His fatal feared self comes back
With unknown venome fill'd to crack.
Th' amased spider, now untwin'd,
Hath crept up, and her self new lin'd
With fresh salt foams and mists, that blast
The ambient air as they past.
And now me thinks a Sphynx's wing
I pluck, and do not write, but sting;
With their black blood my pale inks blent,
Gall's but a faint ingredient.
The pol'tick toad doth now withdraw,
Warn'd, higher in *campaniâ*.
There wisely doth, intrenched deep,
His body in a body keep,

And leaves a wide and open pass
T' invite the foe up to his jaws,
Which there within a foggy blind
With fourscore fire-arms were lin'd.
The gen'rous active spider doubts
More ambuscadoes than redoubts;
So within shot she doth pickear,
Now gall's the flank, and now the rear;
As that the toad in's own dispite
Must change the manner of his fight,
Who, like a glorious general,
With one home-charge lets fly at all.
Chaf'd with a fourfold ven'mous foam
Of scorn, revenge, his foes and 's own,
He seats him in his loathed chair,
New-made him by each mornings air,
With glowing eyes he doth survey
Th' undaunted hoast he calls his prey;
Then his dark spume he gred'ly laps,
And shows the foe his grave, his chaps.

Whilst the quick wary Amazon
Of 'vantage takes occasion,
And with her troop of leggs carreers
In a full speed with all her speers.

Down (as some mountain on a mouse)
On her small cot he flings his house;
Without the poyson of the elf,
The toad had like t' have burst himself:
For sage Arachne with good heed
Had stopt herself upon full speed,
And, 's body now disorder'd, on
She falls to execution.
The passive toad now only can
Contemn and suffer. Here began
The wronged maids ingenious rage,
Which his heart venome must asswage.
One eye she hath spet out, strange smother,
When one flame doth put out another,
And one eye wittily spar'd, that he
Might but behold his miserie.
She on each spot a wound doth print,
And each speck hath a sting within't;
Till he but one new blister is,
And swells his own periphrasis.
Then fainting, sick, and yellow-pale,
She baths him with her sulph'rous stale;
Thus slacked is her Stygian fire,
And she vouchsafes now to retire.
Anon the toad begins to pant,

Bethinks him of th' almighty plant,
And lest he peece-meal should be sped,
Wisely doth finish himself dead.
Whilst the gay girl, as was her fate,
Doth wanton and luxuriate,
And crowns her conqu'ring head all or
With fatal leaves of hellebore.
Not guessing at the pretious aid
Was lent her by the heavenly maid.
The neer expiring toad now rowls
Himself in lazy bloody scrowls,
To th' sov'raign salve of all his ills,
That only life and health distills.
But loe! a terror above all,
That ever yet did him befall!

Pallas, still mindful of her foe,
(Whilst they did with each fires glow)
Had to the place the spiders lar
Dispath'd before the ev'nings star.
He learned was in Natures laws,
Of all her foliage knew the cause,
And 'mongst the rest in his choice want
Unplanted had this plantane plant.

The all-confounded toad doth see
His life fled with his remedie,
And in a glorious despair
First burst himself, and next the air;
Then with a dismal horred yell
Beats down his loathsome breath to hell.

But what inestimable bliss
This to the sated virgin is,
Who, as before of her fiend foe,
Now full is of her goddess too!
She from her fertile womb hath spun
Her stateliest pavillion,
Whilst all her silken flags display,
And her triumphant banners play;
Where Pallas she ith' midst doth praise,
And counterfeits her brothers rayes,
Nor will she her dear lar forget,
Victorious by his benefit,
Whose roof inchanted she doth free
From haunting gnat and goblin bee,
Who, trapp'd in her prepared toyle,
To their destruction keep a coyle.

Then she unlocks the toad's dire head,
Within whose cell is treasured
That pretious stone, which she doth call
A noble recompence for all,
And to her lar doth it present,
Of his fair aid a monument.

THE SNAYL

WISE emblem of our politick world,
Sage Snayl, within thine own self curl'd,
Instruct me softly to make hast,
Whilst these my feet go slowly fast.

Compendious Snayl! thou seem'st to me
Large Euclid's strict epitome;
And in each diagram dost fling
Thee from the point unto the ring.
A figure now triangulare,
An oval now, and now a square,
And then a serpentine, dost crawl,
Now a straight line, now crook'd, now all.

Preventing rival of the day,
Th' art up and openest thy ray;
And ere the morn cradles the moon,
Th' art broke into a beauteous noon.
Then, when the Sun sups in the deep,
Thy silver horns e're Cinthia's peep;
And thou, from thine own liquid bed,
New Phoebus, heav'st thy pleasant head.

Who shall a name for thee create,
Deep riddle of mysterious state?
Bold Nature, that gives common birth
To all products of seas and earth,
Of thee, as earth-quakes, is afraid,
Nor will thy dire deliv'ry aid.

Thou, thine own daughter, then, and sire,
That son and mother art intire,
That big still with thy self dost go,
And liv'st an aged embrio;
That like the cubbs of India,
Thou from thy self a while dost play
But frighted with a dog or gun,
In thine own belly thou dost run,
And as thy house was thine own womb,
So thine own womb concludes thy tomb.

But now I must (analys'd king)
Thy oeconomick virtues sing;
Thou great stay'd husband still within,
Thou thee that's thine dost discipline;
And when thou art to progress bent,
Thou mov'st thy self and tenement,
As warlike Scythians travayl'd, you

Remove your men and city too;
Then, after a sad dearth and rain,
Thou scatterest thy silver train;
And when the trees grow nak'd and old,
Thou cloathest them with cloth of gold,
Which from thy bowels thou dost spin,
And draw from the rich mines within.

Now hast thou chang'd thee, saint, and made
Thy self a fane that's cupula'd;
And in thy wreathed cloister thou
Walkest thine own gray fryer too;
Strickt and lock'd up, th'art hood all ore,
And ne'r eliminat'st thy dore.
On sallads thou dost feed severe,
And 'stead of beads thou drop'st a tear,
And when to rest each calls the bell,
Thou sleep'st within thy marble cell,
Where, in dark contemplation plac'd,
The sweets of Nature thou dost tast,
Who now with time thy days resolve,
And in a jelly thee dissolve,
Like a shot star, which doth repair
Upward, and rarifie the air.

ANOTHER

THE Centaur, Syren, I foregoe;
Those have been sung, and lowdly too:
Nor of the mixed Sphynx Ile write,
Nor the renown'd Hermaphrodite.
Behold! this huddle doth appear
Of horses, coach and charioteer,
That moveth him by traverse law,
And doth himself both drive and draw;
Then, when the Sunn the south doth winne,
He baits him hot in his own inne.
I heard a grave and austere clark
Resolv'd him pilot both and barque;
That, like the fam'd ship of *Trevere*,
Did on the shore himself lavere:
Yet the authentick do beleeve,
Who keep their judgement in their sleeve,
That he is his own double man,
And sick still carries his sedan:
Or that like dames i'th land of Luyck,
He wears his everlasting huyck.
But banisht, I admire his fate,
Since neither ostracisme of state,

Nor a perpetual exile,
Can force this virtue, change his soyl:
For, wheresoever he doth go,
He wanders with his country too.

THE TRIUMPHS OF PHILAMORE AND AMORET

TO THE NOBLEST OF OUR YOUTH AND BEST OF FRIENDS
CHARLES COTTON, ESQUIRE
BEING AT BERISFORD, AT HIS HOUSE IN STAFFORDSHIRE
FROM LONDON

A POEM

SIR, your sad absence I complain, as earth
Her long-hid spring, that gave her verdures birth,
Who now her cheerful aromatick head
Shrinks in her cold and dismal widow'd bed;
Whilst the false sun her lover doth him move
Below, and to th' antipodes make love.

What fate was mine, when in mine obscure cave
(Shut up almost close prisoner in a grave)
Your beams could reach me through this vault of night,
And canton the dark dungeon with light!
Whence me (as gen'rous Spahys) you unbound,
Whilst I now know my self both free and crown'd.

But as at Meccha's tombe, the devout blind
Pilgrim (great husband of his sight and mind)
Pays to no other object this chast prise,
Then with hot earth anoynts out both his eyes:

So having seen your dazling glories store,
It is enough, and sin for to see more.

Or, do you thus those pretious rayes withdraw
To whet my dull beams, keep my bold in aw?
Or, are you gentle and compassionate,
You will not reach me Regulus his fate?
Brave prince! who, eagle-ey'd of eagle kind,
Wert blindly damn'd to look thine own self blind!

But oh, return those fires, too cruel-nice!
For whilst you fear me cindars, see, I'm ice!
A nummed speaking clod and mine own show,
My self congeal'd, a man cut out in snow:
Return those living fires. Thou, who that vast
Double advantage from one-ey'd Heav'n hast,
Look with one sun, though 't but obliquely be,
And if not shine, vouchsafe to wink on me.

Perceive you not a gentle, gliding heat,
And quick'ning warmth, that makes the statua sweat;
As rev'rend Ducaleon's black-flung stone,
Whose rough outside softens to skin, anon
Each crusty vein with wet red is suppli'd,
Whilst nought of stone but in its heart doth 'bide.

So from the rugged north, where your soft stay
Hath stampt them a meridian and kind day;
Where now each *a la mode* inhabitant
Himself and 's manners both do pay you rent,
And 'bout your house (your pallace) doth resort,
And 'spite of fate and war creates a court.

So from the taught north, when you shall return,
To glad those looks that ever since did mourn,
When men uncloathed of themselves you'l see,
Then start new made, fit, what they ought to be;
Hast! hast! you, that your eyes on rare sights feed:
For thus the golden triumph is decreed.

The twice-born god, still gay and ever young,
With ivie crown'd, first leads the glorious throng:
He Ariadne's starry coronet
Designs for th' brighter beams of Amoret;
Then doth he broach his throne, and singing quaff
Unto her health his pipe of god-head off.

Him follow the recanting, vexing Nine
Who, wise, now sing thy lasting fame in wine;
Whilst Phœbus, not from th' east, your feast t' adorn,
But from th' inspir'd Canaries, rose this morn.

Now you are come, winds in their caverns sit,
And nothing breaths, but new-inlarged wit.
Hark! One proclaims it piacle to be sad,
And th' people call 't religion to be mad.

But now, as at a coronation,
When noyse, the guard, and trumpets are oreblown,
The silent commons mark their princes way,
And with still reverence both look and pray;
So they amaz'd expecting do adore,
And count the rest but pageantry before.

Behold! an hoast of virgins, pure as th' air
In her first face, ere mists durst vayl her hair:
Their snowy vests, white as their whiter skin,
Or their far chaster whiter thoughts within:
Roses they breath'd and strew'd, as if the fine
Heaven did to earth his wreath of swets resign;
They sang aloud: "*Thrice, oh thrice happy, they*
That can, like these, in love both yield and sway."

Next herald Fame (a purple clowd her bears),
In an imbroider'd coat of eyes and ears,
Proclaims the triumph, and these lovers glory,
Then in a book of steel records the story.

And now a youth of more than god-like form
Did th' inward minds of the dumb throng alarm;
All nak'd, each part betray'd unto the eye,
Chastly: for neither sex ow'd he or she.
And this was heav'nly love. By his bright hand,
A boy of worse than earthly stuff did stand;
His bow broke, his fires out, and his wings clipt,
And the black slave from all his false flames stript;
Whose eyes were new-restor'd but to confesse
This day's bright blisse, and his own wretchednesse;
Who, swell'd with envy, bursting with disdain,
Did cry to cry, and weep them out again.

And now what heav'n must I invade, what sphere
Rifle of all her stars, t' inthrone her there?
No! Phœbus, by thy boys fate we beware
Th' unruly flames o'th' firebrand, thy carr;
Although, she there once plac'd, thou, Sun, shouldst see
Thy day both nobler governed and thee.
Drive on, Bootes, thy cold heavy wayn,
Then grease thy wheels with amber in the main,
And Neptune, thou to thy false Thetis gallop,
Appollo's set within thy bed of scallop:
Whilst Amoret, on the reconciled winds

Mounted, and drawn by six cælestial minds,
She armed was with innocence and fire,
That did not burn; for it was chast desire;
Whilst a new light doth gild the standers by.
Behold! it was a day shot from her eye;
Chafing perfumes oth' East did throng and sweat,
But by her breath they melting back were beat.
A crown of yet-nere-lighted stars she wore,
In her soft hand a bleeding heart she bore,
And round her lay of broken millions more;
Then a wing'd crier thrice aloud did call:
Let Fame proclaim this one great prise for all.

By her a lady that might be call'd fair,
And justly, but that Amoret was there,
Was pris'ner led; th' unvalewed robe she wore
Made infinite lay lovers to adore,
Who vainly tempt her rescue (madly bold)
Chained in sixteen thousand links of gold;
Chrysetta thus (loaden with treasures) slave
Did strow the pass with pearls, and her way pave.

But loe! the glorious cause of all this high
True heav'nly state, brave Philamore, draws nigh,
Who, not himself, more seems himself to be,

And with a sacred extasie doth see!
Fix'd and unmov'd on 's pillars he doth stay,
And joy transforms him his own statua;
Nor hath he pow'r to breath [n]or strength to greet
The gentle offers of his Amoret,
Who now amaz'd at 's noble breast doth knock,
And with a kiss his gen'rous heart unlock;
Whilst she and the whole pomp doth enter there,
Whence her nor Time nor Fate shall ever tear.
But whether am I hurl'd? ho! back! awake
From thy glad trance: to thine old sorrow take!
Thus, after view of all the Indies store,
The slave returns unto his chain and oar;
Thus poëts, who all night in blest heav'ns dwell,
Are call'd next morn to their true living hell;
So I unthrifty, to myself untrue,
Rise cloath'd with real wants, 'cause wanting you,
And what substantial riches I possesse,
I must to these unvalued dreams confesse.

But all our clowds shall be oreblown, when thee
In our horizon bright once more we see;
When thy dear presence shall our souls new-dress,
And spring an universal cheerfulnesse;

When we shall be orewhelm'd in joy, like they
That change their night for a vast half-year's day.

Then shall the wretched few, that do repine,
See and recant their blasphemies in wine;
Then shall they grieve, that thought I've sung too free,
High and aloud of thy true worth and thee,
And their fowl heresies and lips submit
To th' all-forgiving breath of Amoret;
And me alone their angers object call,
That from my height so miserably did fall;
And crie out my invention thin and poor,
Who have said nought, since I could say no more.

ADVICE TO MY BEST BROTHER

COLL: FRANCIS LOVELACE

FRANK, wil't live unhandsomely? trust not too far
Thy self to waving seas: for what thy star,
Calculated by sure event, must be,
Look in the glassy-epithete, and see.

Yet settle here your rest, and take your state,
And in calm halcyon's nest ev'n build your fate;
Prethee lye down securely, Frank, and keep
With as much no noyse the inconstant deep
As its inhabitants; nay, stedfast stand,
As if discover'd were a New-found-land,
Fit for plantation here. Dream, dream still,
Lull'd in Dione's cradle; dream, untill
Horrour awake your sense, and you now find
Your self a bubbled pastime for the wind;
And in loose Thetis blankets torn and tost.
Frank, to undo thy self why art at cost?

Nor be too confident, fix'd on the shore:
For even that too borrows from the store

Of her rich neighbour, since now wisest know
(And this to Galileo's judgement ow),
The palsie earth it self is every jot
As frail, inconstant, waveing, as that blot
We lay upon the deep, that sometimes lies
Chang'd, you would think, with 's botoms properties;
But this eternal, strange Ixion's wheel
Of giddy earth ne'er whirling leaves to reel,
Till all things are inverted, till they are
Turn'd to that antick confus'd state they were.

Who loves the golden mean, doth safely want
A cobwebb'd cot and wrongs entail'd upon't;
He richly needs a pallace for to breed
Vipers and moths, that on their feeder feed;
The toy that we (too true) a mistress call,
Whose looking-glass and feather weighs up all;
And cloaths which larks would play with in the sun,
That mock him in the night, when 's course is run.

To rear an edifice by art so high,
That envy should not reach it with her eye,
Nay, with a thought come neer it. Wouldst thou know,
How such a structure should be raisd, build low.

The blust'ring winds invisible rough stroak
More often shakes the stubborn'st prop'rest oak;
And in proud turrets we behold withal,
'Tis the imperial top declines to fall:
Nor does Heav'n's lightning strike the humble vales,
But high-aspiring mounts batters and scales.

A breast of proof defies all shocks of Fate,
Fears in the best, hopes in the worser state;
Heaven forbid that, as of old, time ever
Flourish'd in spring so contrary, now never.
That mighty breath, which blew foul Winter hither,
Can eas'ly puffe it to a fairer weather.
Why dost despair then, Frank? Æolus has
A Zephyrus as well as Boreas.

'Tis a false sequel, solœcisme 'gainst those
Precepts by fortune giv'n us, to suppose
That, 'cause it is now ill, 't will ere be so;
Apollo doth not always bend his bow;
But oft, uncrowned of his beams divine,
With his soft harp awakes the sleeping Nine.

In strictest things magnanimous appear,
Greater in hope, howere thy fate, then fear:

Draw all your sails in quickly, though no storm
Threaten your ruine with a sad alarm;
For tell me how they differ, tell me, pray,
A cloudy tempest and a too fair day?

PARIS'S SECOND JUDGEMENT

UPON THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MY DEAR BROTHER MR. R. CÆSAR

BEHOLD! three sister-wonders, in whom met,
Distinct and chast, the splendrous counterfeit
Of Juno, Venus and the warlike Maid,
Each in their three divinities array'd;
The majesty and state of Heavn's great Queen,
And when she treats the gods, her noble meen;
The sweet victorious beauties and desires
O' th' sea-born princess, empresse too of fires;
The sacred arts and glorious lawrels torn
From the fair brow o' th' goddesse father-born;
All these were quarter'd in each snowy coat,
With canton'd honours of their own, to boot.
Paris, by fate new-wak'd from his dead cell,
Is charg'd to give his doom impossible.
He views in each the brav'ry of all Ide;
Whilst one, as once three, doth his soul divide.
Then sighs so equally they're glorious all:
What pity the whole world is but one ball!

PEINTURE

A PANEGYRICK TO THE BEST PICTURE OF FRIENDSHIP MR. PET. LILLY

IF Pliny, Lord High Treasurer of all
Natures exchequer shuffled in this our ball,
Peinture her richer rival did admire,
And cry'd she wrought with more almighty fire,
That judg'd the unnumber'd issue of her scrowl,
Infinite and various as her mother soul,
That contemplation into matter brought,
Body'd Ideas, and could form a thought.
Why do I pause to couch the cataract,
And the grosse pearls from our dull eyes abstract,
That, pow'rful Lilly, now awaken'd we
This new creation may behold by thee?

To thy victorious pencil all, that eyes
And minds can reach, do bow. The deities
Bold Poets first but feign'd, you do and make,
And from your awe they our devotion take.
Your beauteous pallet first defin'd Love's Queen,
And made her in her heav'nly colours seen;
You strung the bow of the Bandite her son,
And tipp'd his arrowes with religion.

Neptune as unknown as his fish might dwell,
But that you seat him in his throne of shell.
The thunderers artillery and brand,
You fancied Rome in his fantastick hand;
And the pale frights, the pains, and fears of hell
First from your sullen melancholy fell.
Who cleft th' infernal dog's loath'd head in three,
And spun out Hydra's fifty necks? by thee
As prepossess'd w' enjoy th' Elizian plain,
Which but before was flatter'd in our brain.
Who ere yet view'd airs child invisible,
A hollow voice, but in thy subtile skill?
Faint stamm'ring Eccho you so draw, that we
The very repercussion do see.
Cheat-*hocus-pocus*-Nature an assay
O' th' spring affords us: præsto, and away!
You all the year do chain her and her fruits,
Roots to their beds, and flowers to their roots.
Have not mine eyes feasted i' th' frozen Zone
Upon a fresh new-grown collation
Of apples, unknown sweets, that seem'd to me
Hanging to tempt as on the fatal tree,
So delicately limn'd I vow'd to try
My appetite impos'd upon my eye?
You, sir, alone, fame, and all-conqu'ring rime,

File the set teeth of all-devouring time.
When beauty once thy vertuous paint hath on,
Age needs not call her to vermilion;
Her beams nere shed or change like th' hair of day,
She scatters fresh her everlasting ray.
Nay, from her ashes her fair virgin fire
Ascends, that doth new massacres conspire,
Whilst we wipe off the num'rous score of years,
And do behold our grandsire[s] as our peers;
With the first father of our house compare
We do the features of our new-born heir:
For though each coppied a son, they all
Meet in thy first and true original.

Sacred! luxurious! what princesse not
But comes to you to have her self begot?
As, when first man was kneaded, from his side
Is born to's hand a ready-made-up bride.
He husband to his issue then doth play,
And for more wives remove the obstructed way:
So by your art you spring up in two noons
What could not else be form'd by fifteen suns;
Thy skill doth an'mate the prolifick flood,
And thy red oyl assimilates to blood.

Where then, when all the world pays its respect,
Lies our transalpine barbarous neglect?

When the chast hands of pow'rful Titian
Had drawn the scourges of our God and man,
And now the top of th' altar did ascend
To crown the heav'nly piece with a bright end;
Whilst he, who in seven languages gave law,
And always, like the Sun, his subjects saw,
Did, in his robes imperial and gold,
The basis of the doubtful ladder hold.
O Charls! a nobler monument than that,
Which thou thine own executor wert at!
When to our huffling Henry there complain'd
A grieved earl, that thought his honor stain'd:
Away (frown'd he), for your own safeties, hast!
In one cheap hour ten coronets I'l cast;
But Holbeen's noble and prodigious worth
Onely the pangs of an whole age brings forth.
Henry! a word so princely saving said,
It might new raise the ruines thou hast made.
  O sacred Peincture! that dost fairly draw,
What but in mists deep inward Poets saw;
'Twixt thee and an Intelligence no odds,
That art of privy council to the gods!
By thee unto our eyes they do prefer
A stamp of their abstracted character;

Thou, that in frames eternity dost bind,
And art a written and a body'd mind;
To thee is ope the Juncto o' th' abysse,
And its conspiracy detected is;
Whilest their cabal thou to our sense dost show,
And in thy square paint'st what they threat below.
Now, my best Lilly, let's walk hand in hand,
And smile at this un-understanding land;
Let them their own dull counterfeits adore,
Their rainbow-cloaths admire, and no more.
Within one shade of thine more substance is,
Than all their varnish'd idol-mistresses:
Whilst great Vasari and Vermander shall
Interpret the deep mystery of all,
And I unto our modern Picts shall show,
What due renown to thy fair art they owe
In the delineated lives of those,
By whom this everlasting lawrel grows.
Then, if they will not gently apprehend,
Let one great blot give to their fame an end;
Whilst no poetick flower their herse doth dresse,
But perish they and their effigies.

AN ANNIVERSARY

ON THE HYMENEALS OF MY NOBLE KINSMAN THO. STANLEY, ESQUIRE

I

THE day is curl'd about agen
To view the splendor she was in;
When first with hallow'd hands
The holy man knit the mysterious bands
When you two your contracted souls did move
Like cherubims above,
And did make love,
As your un-understanding issue now,
In a glad sigh, a smile, a tear, a vow.

II

Tell me, O self-reviving Sun,
In thy perigrination
Hast thou beheld a pair
Twist their soft beams like these in their chast air?
As from bright numberlesse imbracing rayes
Are sprung th' industrious dayes,
So when they gaze,
And change their fertile eyes with the new morn,
A beauteous offspring is shot forth, not born.

III

Be witness then, all-seeing Sun,
Old spy, thou that thy race hast run
In full five thousand rings;
To thee were ever purer offerings
Sent on the wings of Faith? and thou, O Night,
Curtain of their delight,
By these made bright,
Have you not mark'd their cœlestial play,
And no more peek'd the gayeties of day?

IV

Come then, pale virgins, roses strow,
Mingled with Ios as you go.
The snowy ox is kill'd,
The fane with pros'lyte lads and lasses fill'd
You too may hope the same seraphic joy,
Old time cannot destroy,
Nor fulnesse cloy;
When, like these, you shall stamp by sympathies
Thousands of new-born-loves with your chaste eyes.

ON SANAZAR'S BEING HONOURED

WITH SIX HUNDRED DUCKETS BY THE CLARISSIMI OF VENICE FOR COMPOSING AN ELIGIACK HEXASTICK OF THE CITY

A SATYRE

TWAS a blith prince exchang'd five hundred crowns
For a fair turnip. Dig, dig on, O clowns
But how this comes about, Fates, can you tell,
This more then Maid of Meurs, this miracle?
Let me not live, if I think not St. Mark
Has all the oar, as well as beasts, in's ark!
No wonder 'tis he marries the rich sea,
But to betroth him to nak'd Poesie,
And with a bankrupt muse to merchandise;
His treasures beams, sure, have put out his eyes.
His conquest at Lepanto I'l let pass,
When the sick sea with turbants night-cap'd was;
And now at Candie his full courage shown,
That wan'd to a wan line the half-half moon.
This is a wreath, this is a victorie,
Cæsar himself would have look'd pale to see,
And in the height of all his triumphs feel
Himself but chain'd to such a mighty wheel.

And now me thinks we ape Augustus state,
So ugly we his high worth imitate,
Monkey his godlike glories; so that we
Keep light and form with such deformitie,
As I have seen an arrogant baboon
With a small piece of glasse zany the sun.

Rome to her bard, who did her battails sing,
Indifferent gave to poet and to king;
With the same lawrells were his temples fraught,
Who best had written, and who best had fought;
The self same fame they equally did feel,
One's style ador'd as much as t' other's steel.
A chain or fasces she could then afford
The sons of Phœbus, we, and axe or cord;
Sometimes a coronet was her renown,
And ours, the dear prerogative of a crown.
In marble statu'd walks great Lucan lay,
And now we walk, our own pale statua.
They the whole year with roses crownd would dine,
And we in all December know no wine;
Disciplin'd, dieted, sure there hath bin
Ods 'twixt a poet and a Capuchin.

Of princes, women, wine, to sing I see
Is no apocrypha: for to rise high
Commend this olio of this lord 'tis fit:

Nay, ten to one, but you have part of it;
There is that justice left, since you maintain
His table, he should counter-feed your brain.
Then write how well he in his sack hath droll'd,
Straight there's a bottle to your chamber roll'd,
Or with embroider'd words praise his French suit,
Month hence 'tis yours with his mans, to boot;
Or but applaud his boss'd legs: two to none,
But he most nobly doth give you one.
Or spin an elegie on his false hair:
'Tis well, he cries, but living hair is dear.
Yet say that out of order ther's one curl,
And all the hopes of your reward you furl.
  Write a deep epick poem, and you may
As soon delight them as the opera,
Where they Diogenes thought in his tub,
Never so sowre did look so sweet a club.
  You that do suck for thirst your black quil's blood,
And chaw your labour'd papers for your food,
I will inform you how and what to praise,
Then skin y' in satin as young Lovelace plaies.
Beware, as you would your fierce guests, your lice,
To strip the cloath of gold from cherish'd vice;
Rather stand off with awe and reverend fear,
Hang a poetick pendant in her ear,

Court her as her adorers do their glasse,
Though that as much of a true substance has,
Whilst all the gall from your wild ink you drain,
The beauteous sweets of vertues cheeks to stain;
And in your livery let her be known,
As poor and tatter'd as in her own.
Nor write, nor speak you more of sacred writ,
But what shall force up your arrested wit.
Be chast; religion and her priests your scorn,
Whilst the vain fanes of idiots you adorn.
It is a mortal errour, you must know,
Of any to speak good, if he be so.
Rayl, till your edged breath flea your raw throat,
And burn remarks on all of gen'rous note;
Each verse be an indictment, be not free
Sanctity 't self from thy scurrility.
Libel your father, and your dam buffoon,
The noblest matrons of the isle lampoon,
Whilst Aretine and 's bodies you dispute,
And in your sheets your sister prostitute.
  Yet there belongs a sweetnesse, softnesse too,
Which you must pay, but first, pray, know to who.
There is a creature, (if I may so call
That unto which they do all prostrate fall)

Term'd mistress, when they'r angry; but, pleas'd high,
It is a princesse, saint, divinity.
To this they sacrifice the whole days light,
Then lye with their devotion all night;
For this you are to dive to the abysse,
And rob for pearl the closet of some fish.
Arabia and Sabæa you must strip
Of all their sweets, for to supply her lip;
And steal new fire from heav'n, for to repair
Her unfledg'd scalp with Berenice's hair;
Then seat her in Cassiopeia's chair.
As now you're in your coach: save you, bright sir,
(O, spare your thanks) is not this finer far
Then walk un-hided, when that every stone
Has knock'd acquaintance with your ankle-bone?
When your wing'd papers, like the last dove, nere
Return'd to quit you of your hope or fear,
But left you to the mercy of your host
And your days fare, a fortified toast.
  How many battels, sung in epick strain,
Would have procur'd your head thatch from the rain;
Not all the arms of Thebes and Troy would get
One knife but to anatomize your meat,
A funeral elegie, with a sad boon,

Might make you (hei!) sip wine like maccaroon;
But if perchance there did a riband come,
Not the train-band so fierce with all its drum:
Yet with your torch you homeward would retire,
And heart'ly wish your bed your fun'ral pyre.

With what a fury have I known you feed
Upon a contract and the hopes 't might speed!
Not the fair bride, impatient of delay,
Doth wish like you the beauties of that day;
Hotter than all the roasted cooks you sat
To dresse the fricace of your alphabet,
Which sometimes would be drawn dough anagrame,
Sometimes acrostick parched in the flame;
Then posies stew'd with sippets, mottos by:
Of minced verse a miserable pye.
How many knots slip'd, ere you twist their name
With th' old device, as both their heart's the same!
Whilst like to drills the feast in your false jaw
You would transmit at leisure to your maw;
Then after all your fooling, fat, and wine,
Glutton'd at last, return at home to pine.

Tell me, O Sun, since first your beams did play
To night, and did awake the sleeping day;
Since first your steeds of light their race did
start,

Did you ere blush as now? Oh thou, that art
The common father to the base pissmire,
As well as great Alcides, did the fire
From thine owne altar which the gods adore,
Kindle the souls of gnats and wasps before?
  Who would delight in his chast eyes to see
Dormise to strike at lights of poesie?
Faction and envy now are downright rage.
Once a five-knotted whip there was, the stage:
The beadle and the executioner,
To whip small errors, and the great ones tear;
Now, as er'e Nimrod the first king, he writes:
That's strongest, th' ablest deepest bites.
The muses weeping fly their hill, to see
Their noblest sons of peace in mutinie.
Could there nought else this civil war compleat,
But poets raging with poetick heat,
Tearing themselves and th' endlesse wreath, as though
Immortal they, their wrath should be so, too?
And doubly fir'd Apollo burns to see
In silent Helicon a naumachie.
Parnassus hears these at his first alarms;
Never till now Minerva was in arms.
  O more then conqu'ror of the world, great Rome!
Thy heros did with gentleness or'e come

Thy foes themselves, but one another first,
Whilst envy stript alone was left, and burst.
The learn'd Decemviri, 'tis true, did strive,
But to add flames to keep their fame alive;
Whilst the eternal lawrel hung ith' air:
Nor of these ten sons was there found one heir.
Like to the golden tripod, it did pass
From this to this, till 't came to him, whose 'twas.
Cæsar to Gallus trundled it, and he
To Maro: Maro, Naso, unto thee?
Naso to his Tibullus flung the wreath,
He to Catullus thus did each bequeath.
This glorious circle, to another round,
At last the temples of their god it bound.
  I might believe at least, that each might have
A quiet fame contented in his grave,
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite:
For after death all men receave their right.
If it be sacriledge for to profane
Their holy ashes, what is't then their flame?
He does that wrong unweeting or in ire,
As if one should put out the vestal fire.
  Let earths four quarters speak, and thou, Sun, bear
Now witnesse for thy fellow-traveller.
I was ally'd, dear Uncle, unto thee

In blood, but thou, alas, not unto me;
Your vertues, pow'rs, and mine differ'd at best,
As they whose springs you saw, the east and west.
Let me awhile be twisted in thy shine,
And pay my due devotions at thy shrine.

Might learned Waynman rise, who went with thee
In thy heav'ns work beside divinity,
I should sit still; or mighty Falkland stand
To justifie with breath his pow'rful hand;
The glory, that doth circle your pale urn,
Might hallow'd still and undefiled burn:
But I forbear. Flames, that are wildly thrown
At sacred heads, curle back upon their own;
Sleep, heavenly Sands, whilst what they do or write,
Is to give God himself and you your right.

There is not in my mind one sullen fate
Of old, but is concentred in our state:
Vandall ore-runners, Goths in literature:
Ploughmen that would Parnassus new-manure;
Ringers of verse that all-in-chime,
And toll the changes upon every rime.
A mercer now by th' yard does measure ore
An ode, which was but by the foot before;
Deals you an ell of epigram, and swears
It is the strongest and the finest wears.

No wonder, if a drawer verses rack,
If 'tis not his, 't may be the spir't of sack;
Whilst the fair bar-maid stroaks the muses teat,
For milk to make the posset up compleat.
  Arise, thou rev'rend shade, great Johnson, rise!
Break through thy marble natural disguise!
Behold a mist of insects, whose meer breath
Will melt thy hallow'd leaden house of death.
What was Crispinus, that you should defie
The age for him? He durst not look so high
As your immortal rod, he still did stand
Honour'd, and held his forehead to thy brand.
These scorpions, with which we have to do,
Are fiends, not only small but deadly too.
Well mightst thou rive thy quill up to the back,
And scrue thy lyre's grave chords, untill they crack.
For though once hell resented musick, these
Divels will not, but are in worse disease.
How would thy masc'line spirit, father Ben,
Sweat to behold basely deposed men,
Justled from the prerog'tive of their bed,
Whilst wives are per'wig'd with their husbands
  head?
Each snatches the male quill from his faint hand,
And must both nobler write and understand,

He to her fury the soft plume doth bow:
O pen, nere truely justly slit till now!
Now as her self a poem she doth dresse,
And curls a line, as she would do a tresse;
Powders a sonnet as she does her hair,
Then prostitutes them both to publick aire.
Nor is 't enough, that they their faces blind
With a false dye; but they must paint their mind,
In meeter scold, and in scann'd order brawl,
Yet there's one Sapho left may save them all.
  But now let me recal my passion.
Oh! (from a noble father, nobler son)
You, that alone are the Clarissimi,
And the whole gen'rous state of Venice be,
It shall not be recorded Sanazar
Shall boast inthron'd alone this new made star;
You, whose correcting sweetnesse hath forbad
Shame to the good, and glory to the bad;
Whose honour hath ev'n into vertue tam'd
These swarms, that now so angerly I nam'd.
Forgive what thus distemper'd I indite:
For it is hard a *satyre* not to write.
Yet, as a virgin that heats all her blood
At the first motion of bad understood,

Then, at meer thought of fair chastity,
Straight cools again the tempests of her sea:
So when to you I my devotions raise,
All wrath and storms do end in calm and praise.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

PREFIXED TO VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS
BETWEEN 1652 AND 1657

TO MY DEAR FRIEND
MR. E[LDRED] R[EVETT]
ON HIS POEMS MORAL AND DIVINE

CLEFT as the top of the inspired hill,
Struggles the soul of my divided quill,
Whilst this foot doth the watry mount aspire,
That Sinai's living and enlivening fire,
Behold my powers storm'd by a twisted light
O' th' Sun and his, first kindled his sight,
And my lost thoughts invoke the prince of day,
My right to th' spring of it and him do pray.

Say, happy youth, crown'd with a heav'nly ray
Of the first flame, and interwreathed bay,
Inform my soul in labour to begin,
Ios or Anthems, Pœans or a Hymne.
Shall I a hecatombe on thy tripod slay,
Or my devotions at thy altar pay?
While which t' adore th' amaz'd world cannot tell,
The sublime Urim or deep oracle.

Heark! how the moving chords temper our brain,
As when Apollo serenades the main,
Old Ocean smooths his sullen furrow'd front,
And Nereids do glide soft measures on't;
Whilst th' air puts on its sleekest, smoothest face,
And each doth turn the others looking-glasse;
So by the sinewy lyre now strook we see
Into soft calms all storm of poesie,
And former thundering and lightning lines,
And verse now in its native lustre shines.

How wert thou hid within thyself! how shut!
Thy pretious Iliads lock'd up in a nut!
Not hearing of thee thou dost break out strong,
Invading forty thousand men in song;
And we, secure in our thin empty heat,
Now find ourselves at once surprised and beat,
Whilst the most valiant of our wits now sue,
Fling down their arms, ask quarter too of you.

So cabin'd up in its diguis'd coarse rust,
And scurf'd all ore with its unseemly crust,
The diamond, from 'midst the humbler stones,
Sparkling shoots forth the price of nations.

Ye safe unriddlers of the stars, pray tell,
By what name shall I stamp my miracle?
Thou strange inverted Æson, that leap'st ore
From thy first infancy into fourscore,
That to thine own self hast the midwife play'd,
And from thy brain spring'st forth the heav'nly maid!
Thou staffe of him bore him, that bore our sins,
Which, but set down, to bloom and bear begins!
Thou rod of Aaron, with one motion hurl'd,
Bud'st a perfume of flowers through the world!
You strange calcined seeds within a glass,
Each species Idæa spring'st as 'twas!
Bright vestal flame that, kindled but ev'n now,
For ever dost thy sacred fires throw!

Thus the repeated acts of Nestor's age,
That now had three times ore out-liv'd the stage,
And all those beams contracted into one,
Alcides in his cradle hath outdone.

But all these flour'shing hiews, with which I die
Thy virgin paper, now are vain as I:
For 'bove the poets Heav'n th' art taught to shine
And move, as in thy proper crystalline;
Whence that mole-hill Parnassus thou dost view,

And us small ants there dabbling in its dew;
Whence thy seraphic soul such hymns doth play,
As those to which first danced the first day,
Where with a thorn from the world-ransoming wreath
Thou stung, dost antiphons and anthems breathe;
Where with an Angels quil dip'd i' th' Lambs blood,
Thou sing'st our Pelicans all-saving flood,
And bath'st thy thoughts in ever-living streams,
Rench'd from earth's tainted, fat and heavy steams.
There move translated youth inroll'd i' th' quire,
That only doth with wholy lays inspire;
To whom his burning coach Eliah sent,
And th' royal prophet-priest his harp hath lent;
Which thou dost tune in consort unto those
Clap wings for ever at each hallow'd close:
Whilst we, now weak and fainting in our praise,
Sick echo ore thy Halleluiahs.

ON THE BEST, LAST, AND ONLY REMAINING COMEDY OF MR. FLETCHER

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE

I'M un-ore-clowded, too! free from the mist!
The blind and late Heaven's-eyes great Occulist,
Obscured with the false fires of his sceme,
Not half those souls are lightned by this theme.

Unhappy murmurers, that still repine
(After th' Eclipse our Sun doth brighter shine),
Recant your false grief, and your true joys know;
Your blisse is endlesse, as you fear'd your woe!
What fort'nate flood is this! what storm of wit!
Oh, who would live, and not ore-whelm'd in it?
No more a fatal Deluge shall be hurl'd:
This inundation hath sav'd the world.
Once more the mighty Fletcher doth arise,
Roab'd in a vest studded with stars and eyes
Of all his former glories; his last worth
Imbroiderd with what yet light ere brought forth.
See! in this glad farewel he doth appear
Stuck with the Constellations of his Sphere,
Fearing we numb'd fear'd no flagration,
Hath curl'd all his fires in this one *one;*

Which (as they guard his hallowed chast urn)
The dull aproaching hereticks do burn.

Fletcher at his adieu carouses thus
To the luxurious ingenious,
As Cleopatra did of old out-vie,
Th' un-numb'red dishes of her Anthony,
When (he at th' empty board a wonderer)
Smiling she calls for pearl and vinegar,
First pledges him in's *Breath*, then at one draught
Swallows *Three Kingdoms* of To *his best thought*.

Hear, oh ye valiant writers, and subscribe;
(His force set by) y'are conquer'd by this bribe.
Though you hold out your selves, he doth commit
In this a sacred treason in your wit;
Although in poems desperately stout,
Give up: this overture must buy you out.

Thus with some prodigal us'rer 't doth fare,
That keeps his gold still vayl'd, his steel-breast bare;
That doth exceed his coffers all but's eye,
And his eyes' idol the wing'd Deity:
That cannot lock his mines with half the art
As some rich beauty doth his wretched heart;
Wild at his real poverty, and so wise

To win her, turns himself into a prise
First startles her with th' emerald Mad-Lover
The ruby Arcas, least she should recover
Her dazled thought, a Diamond he throws,
Splendid in all the bright Aspatia's woes;
Then to sum up the abstract of his store,
He flings a rope of Pearl of forty more.
Ah, see! the stagg'ring virtue faints! which he
Beholding, darts his Wealths Epitome;
And now, to consummate her wished fall,
Shows this one Carbuncle, that darkens all.

TO MY NOBLE KINSMAN THOMAS STANLEY, ESQ.

ON HIS LYRICK POEMS COMPOSED BY MR. JOHN GAMBLE

I

WHAT means this stately tablature,
The ballance of thy streins,
Which seems, in stead of sifting pure,
T' extend and rack thy veins?
Thy Odes first their own harmony did break:
For singing, troth, is but in tune to speak.

II

Nor trus thy golden feet and wings.
It may be thought false melody
T' ascend to heav'n by silver strings;
This is Urania's heraldry.
Thy royal poem now we may extol,
As truly Luna blazon'd upon Sol.

III

As when Amphion first did call
Each listning stone from's den;

And with his lute did form the wall,
  But with his words the men;
So in your twisted numbers now you thus
Not only stocks perswade, but ravish us.

IV

Thus do your ayrs eccho ore
  The notes and anthems of the sphæres,
And their whole consort back restore,
  As if earth too would blesse Heav'ns ears;
But yet the spoaks, by which they scal'd so high,
Gamble hath wisely laid of *ut re mi*.

TO DR. F. B[EALE]

ON HIS BOOK OF CHESSE

SIR, how unravell'd is the golden fleece:
Men, that could only fool at *fox and geese*,
Are new-made polititians by thy book,
And both can judge and conquer with a look.
The hidden fate of princes you unfold;
Court, clergy, commons, by your law control'd.
Strange, serious wantoning all that they
Bluster'd and clutter'd for, you *play*.

TO THE GENIUS OF MR. JOHN HALL

ON HIS EXACT TRANSLATION OF HIEROCLES HIS COMMENT UPON THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS

TIS not from cheap thanks thinly to repay
Th' immortal grove of thy fair-order'd bay
Thou planted'st round my humble fane, that I
Stick on thy hearse this sprig of Elegie:
Nor that your soul so fast was link'd in me,
That now I've both, since't has forsaken thee:
That thus I stand a Swisse before thy gate,
And dare, for such another, time and fate.
Alas! our faiths made different essays,
Our Minds and Merits brake two several ways;
Justice commands I wake thy learned dust,
And truth, in whom all causes center must.

Behold! when but a youth, thou fierce didst whip
Upright the crooked age, and gilt vice strip;
A senator prætext, that knew'st to sway
The fasces, yet under the ferula;
Rank'd with the sage, ere blossome did thy chin,
Sleeked without, and hair all ore within,

Who in the school could'st argue as in schools:
Thy lessons were ev'n academie rules.
So that fair Cam saw thee matriculate,
At once a tyro and a graduate.

At nineteen, what *Essayes* have we beheld!
That well might have the book of Dogmas swell'd;
Tough Paradoxes, such as Tully's, thou
Didst heat thee with, when snowy was thy brow,
When thy undown'd face mov'd the Nine to shake,
And of the Muses did a decad make.
What shall I say? by what allusion bold?
None but the Sun was ere so young and old.

Young reverend shade, ascend awhile! whilst we
Now celebrate this posthume victorie,
This victory, that doth contract in death
Ev'n all the pow'rs and labours of thy breath.
Like the Judean Hero, in thy fall
Thou pull'st the house of learning on us all.
And as that soldier conquest doubted not,
Who but one splinter had of Castriot
But would assault ev'n death so strongly charmd,
And naked oppose rocks, with his bone arm'd;
So we, secure in this fair relique, stand

The slings and darts shot by each profane hand.
These soveraign leaves thou left'st us are become
Sear clothes against all Times infection.

Sacred Hierocles, whose heav'nly thought
First acted ore this comment, ere it wrote,
Thou hast so spirited, elixir'd, we
Conceive there is a noble alchymie,
That's turning of this gold to something more
Pretious than gold, we never knew before.
Who now shall doubt the metempsychosis
Of the great Author, that shall peruse this?
Let others dream thy shadow wandering strays
In th' Elizian mazes hid with bays;
Or that, snatcht up in th' upper region,
'Tis kindled there a constellation;
I have inform'd me, and declare with ease:
Thy Soul is fled into Hierocles.

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATIONS

SANAZARI HEXASTICON

VIDERAT Adriacis quondam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem et toto ponere Jura mari:
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis, Jupiter, Arces
Objice et illa mihi mœnia Martis, ait,
Seu pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse deos.

SANAZAR'S HEXASTICK

In Adriatick waves when Neptune saw,
The city stand, and give the seas a law:
Now i' th' Tarpeian tow'rs Jove rival me,
And Mars his walls impregnable, said he;
Let seas to Tyber yield; view both their ods!
You'l grant that built by men, but this by gods.

IN VIRGILIUM. PENTADII

PASTOR, arator, eques; pavi, colui, superavi;
Capras, rus, hostes; fronde, ligone, manu.

IN ENGLISH

A SWAIN, hind, knight: I fed, till'd, did command:
Goats, fields, my foes: with leaves, a spade, my hand.

DE SCÆVOLA

LICTOREM pro rege necans nunc mutius ultro
Sacrifico propriam concremat igne manum:
Miratur Porsenna virum, pænamque relaxans
Maxima cum obscessis fædera a victor init,
Plus flammis patriæ confert quam fortibus armis,
Una domans bellum funere dextra suâ.

ENGLISHED

THE hand, by which no king but serjeant dies,
Mutius in fire doth freely sacrifice;
The prince admires the Hero, quits his pains,
And Victor from the seige peace entertains;
Rome's more oblig'd to flames than arms or pow'r,
When one burnt hand shall the whole war devour.

DE CATONE

INVICTUS victis in partibus omnia Cæsar
Vincere qui potuit, te, Cato, non potuit.

OF CATO

THE world orecome, victorious Cæsar, he
That conquer'd all, great Cato, could not thee.

ITEM

ICTU non potuit primo Cato solvere vitam;
Defecit tanto vulnere victa manus:
Altius inseruit digitos, qua spiritus ingens
Exiret, magnum dextera fecit iter.
Opposuit fortuna moram, involvitque, Catonis
Scires ut ferro plus valuisse manum.

ANOTHER

ONE stabbe could not fierce Cato's life unty;
Onely his hand of all that wound did dy.
Deeper his fingers tear to make a way
Open, through which his mighty soul might stray.
Fortune made this delay to let us know,
That Cato's hand more then his sword could do.

ITEM

JUSSA manus sacri pectus violare Catonis
Hæsit, et inceptum victa reliquit opus.
Ille ait, infesto contra sua vulnera vultu:
Estné aliquid, magnus quod Cato non potuit?

ANOTHER

THE hand of sacred Cato, bad to tear
His breast, did start, and the made wound forbear;
Then to the gash he said with angry brow:
And is there ought great Cato cannot do?

ITEM

DEXTERA, quid dubitas? durum est jugulare Catonem;
Sed modo liber erit: jam puto non dubitas!
Fas non est vivo quenquam servire Catone,
Nedum ipsum vincit nunc Cato si moritur.

ANOTHER

WHAT doubt'st thou, hand? sad Cato 'tis to kill;
But he'l be free: sure, hand, thou doubt'st not still!
Cato alive, 'tis just all men be free:
Nor conquers he himself, now if he die.

PENTADII

NON est, fulleris, hæc beata non est
Quod vos creditis esse, vita non est:
Fulgentes manibus videre gemmas
Et testudineo jacere lecto,
Aut plumâ latus abdidisse molli,
Aut auro bibere, aut cubare cocco;
Regales dapibus gravare mensas,
Et quicquid Lybico secatur arvo;
Non unâ positum tenere cella:
Sed nullos trepidum timere casus,
Nec vano populi favore tangi,
Et stricto nihil æstuare ferro:
Hoc quisquis poterit, licebit illi
Fortunam moveat loco superbus.

ENGLISHED

IT is not, y' are deceav'd, it is not blisse
What you conceave a happy living is:
To have your hands with rubies bright to glow,
Then on your tortoise-bed your body throw,
And sink your self in down, to drink in gold,
And have your looser self in purple roll'd;

With royal fare to make the tables groan,
Or else with what from Lybick fields is mown,
Nor in one vault hoard all your magazine,
But at no cowards fate t' have frighted bin;
Nor with the peoples breath to be swol'n great,
Nor at a drawn stiletto basely swear.
He that dares this, nothing to him's unfit,
But proud o' th' top of fortunes wheel may sit.

AD M. T. CICERONEM

CATUL. EP. 50

DISERTISSIME Romuli nepotum,
Quot sunt, quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
Quotque post alios erunt in annos,
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium poeta:
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

TO MARCUS T. CICERO

IN AN ENGLISH PENTASTICK

TULLY to thee, Rome's eloquent sole heir,
The best of all that are, shall be, and were,
I the worst poet send my best thanks and pray'r:
Ev'n by how much the worst of poets I,
By so much you the best of patrones be.

AD JUVENCIUM

CAT. EP. 49

MELLITOS oculos tuos, Juvenci,
Si quis me sinat usque basiare,
Usque ad millia basiem trecenta;
Nec unquam videat satur futurus:
Non si densior aridis aristis,
Sit nostræ seges osculationis.

TO JUVENCIUS

JUVENCIUS, thy fair sweet eyes
If to my fill that I may kisse,
Three hundred thousand times I'de kisse,
Nor future age should cloy this blisse;
No, not if thicker than ripe ears
The harvest of our kisses bears.

DE PUERO ET PRÆCONE

CATUL.

CUM puero bello præconem qui videt esse,
Quid credat, nisi se vendere discupere?

CATUL.

WITH a fair boy a cryer we behold,
What should we think, but he would not be sold?

PORTII LICINII

SI Phœbi soror es, mando tibi, Delia, causam,
Scilicet, ut fratri quæ peto verba feras:
Marmore Sicanio struxi tibi, Delphice, templum.
Et levibus calamis candida verba dedi.
Nunc, si nos audis, atque es divinus Apollo,
Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde petat.

ENGLISHED

If you are Phœbus sister, Delia, pray,
This my request unto the Sun convay:
O Delphick god, I built thy marble fane,
And sung thy praises with a gentle cane,
Now, if thou art divine Apollo, tell,
Where he, whose purse is empty, may go fill.

SENECÆ EX CLEANTHE

DUC me, Parens celsique Dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit, nulla parendi mora est;
Adsum impiger; fac nolle, comitabor gemens,
Malusque patiar facere, quod licuit bono.
Ducunt volentem Fata, nolentem trahunt.

ENGLISHED

PARENT and Prince of Heav'n, O lead, I pray,
Where ere you please, I follow and obey.
Active I go, sighing, if you gainsay,
And suffer bad what to the good was law.
Fates lead the willing, but unwilling draw.

QUINTI CATULI

CONSTITERAM exorientem Auroram forte salutans,
Cum subitò á lævâ Roscius exoritur.
Pace mihi liceat, cœlestes, dicere vestrâ.
Mortalis visu pulchrior esse deo.
Blanditur puero satyrus vultuque manuque;
Nolenti similis retrahit ora puer:
Quem non commoveat, quamvis de marmore? fundit
Penè preces satyrus, penè puer lachrymas.

ENGLISHED

As once I bad good morning to the day,
O' th' sudden Roscius breaks in a bright ray:
Gods with your favour, I've presum'd to see
A mortal fairer then a deitie.
With looks and hands a satyre courts the boy,
Who draws back his unwilling cheek as coy.
Although of marble hewn, whom move not they?
The boy ev'n seems to weep, the satyre, pray.

FLORIDI. DE EBRIOSO

PHŒBUS me in somnis vetuit potare Lyæum,
Pareo præceptis: tunc bibo cum vigilo.

OF A DRUNKARD

PHŒBUS asleep forbad me wine to take:
I yield; and now am only drunk awake.

DE ASINO QUI DENTIBUS ÆNEIDEM CONSUMPSIT

CARMINIS iliaci libros consumpsit asellus;
Hoc fatum Troiæ est: aut equus, aut asinus.

THE ASSE EATING THE ÆNEIDS

A WRETCHED asse the Æneids did destroy:
A horse or asse is still the fate of Troy.

AUSONIUS LIB. EPIG.

TRINARII quodam currentem in littoris orâ
Ante canes leporem cæruleus rapuit;
At lepus: in me omnis terræ pelagique rapina est,
Forsitan et cœli, si canis astra tenet.

ENGLISHED

On the Sicilian strand a hare well wrought
Before the hounds was by a dog-fish caught;
Quoth she: all rape of sea and earth's on me,
Perhaps of heav'n, if there a dog-star be.

AUSONIUS LIB. EPIG.

POLLA, potenta, tribon, baculus, scyphus: arcta supellex
Hæc fuerant Cinici, sed putat hanc nimiam:
Namque cavis manibus cernens potare bubulcum,
Cur, scyphe, te, dixit, gusto supervacuum?

ENGLISHED

THE Cynicks narrow houshould stuffe of crutch,
A stool and dish, was lumber thought too much:
For whilst a hind drinks out on's palms o' th' strand
He flings his dish: cries: I've one in my hand!

AUSONIUS LIB. I. EPIG.

THESAURO invento qui limina mortis inibat,
Liquit ovans laqueum, quo periturus erat;
At qui, quod terræ abdiderat, non repperit aurum,
Quem laqueum invenit nexuit, et periit.

ENGLISHED

A TREASURE found one, entring at death's gate,
Triumphing leaves that cord, was meant his fate;
But he the gold missing, which he did hide,
The halter which he found he knit: so dy'd.

A LA CHABOT

OBJECT adorable et charmant!
Mes souspirs et mes pleurs tesmoignent
mon torment;
Mais mon respect m'empeche de parler.
Ah! que peine dissimuler!
Et que je souffre de martyre,
D'aimer et de n'oser le dire!

TO THE SAME AYRE IN ENGLISH, THUS

OBJECT adorable of charms!
My sighs and tears may testifie my harms;
But my respect forbids me to reveal.
Ah, what a pain 'tis to conceal!
And how I suffer worse then hell,
To love, and not to dare to tell!

THEOPHILE BEING DENY'D HIS ADDRESSES TO KING JAMES, TURNED THE AFFRONT TO HIS OWN GLORY IN THIS EPIGRAM

SI Jaques, le Roy du scavior,
Ne trouue bon de me voir,
Voila la cause infallible!
Car, ravy de mon escrit,
Il creut, que j'estois tout esprit
Et par consequent invisible.

LINEALLY TRANSLATED OUT OF THE FRENCH

If James, the king of wit,
To see me thought not fit,
Sure this the cause hath been,
That, ravish'd with my merit,
He thought I was all spirit,
And so not to be seen.

AUSONIUS

VANE, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor,
Ignotamque oculis solicitare manu?
Aeris et venti sum filia, mater inanis
Indicii, vocemque sine mente gero.
Auribus in vestris habito penetrabilis echo;
Si mihi vis similem pingere, pinge sonos.

IN ENGLISH

VAIN painter, why dost strive my face to draw
With busy hands? a goddesse eyes nere saw.
Daughter of air and wind, I do rejoyce
In empty shouts; (without a mind) a voice.
Within your ears shrill echo I rebound,
And, if you'l paint me like, then paint a sound.

AUSON[IUS]

TOXICA zelotypo dedit uxor mæcha marito,
Nec satis ad mortem credidit esse datum;
Miscuit argenti lethalia pondera vivi,
Ut celeret certam vis geminata necem.
Ergo, inter sese dum noxia pocula certant,
Cessit lethalis noxa saltuiferi.
Protinus in vacuos alvi petiere recessus,
Lubrica dejectis quæ via nota cibis.
Quam pia cura Deûm! prodest crudelior uxor.
Sic, cùm fata volunt, bina venena juvant.

IN ENGLISH

HER jealous husband an adultresse gave
Cold poysons, which to[o] weak she thought for's grave;
A fatal dose of quicksilver then she
Mingles to hast his double destinie;
Now whilst within themselves they are at strife,
The deadly potion yields to that of life,
And straight from th' hollow stomack both retreat
To th' slippery pipes known to digested meat.
Strange care o' th' gods the murth'resse doth avail!
So, when fates please, ev'n double poysons heal.

AUSONIUS EPIG.

EMPTIS quod libris tibi bibliotheca referta est,
Doctum et grammaticum te, philomuse, putas.
Quinetiam cytharas, chordas et barbita conde:
Mercator hodie, cras citharœdus, eris.

IN ENGLISH

BECAUSE with bought books, sir, your study's fraught,
A learned grammarian you would fain be thought;
Nay then, buy lutes and strings; so you may play
The merchant now, the fidler, the next day.

AVIENI V. C. AD AMICOS

RURE morans, quid agam, respondi, pauca rogatus:
Mane, deum exoro famulos, post arvaque viso,
Partitusque meis justos indico labores;
Inde lego, Phœbumque cio, Musamque lacesso;
Tunc oleo corpus fingo, mollique palæstrâ
Stringo libens animo, gaudensque ac fœnore liber
Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, cæno, quiesco.

ENGLISHED

ASK'D in the country what I did, I said:
I view my men and meads, first having pray'd;
Then each of mine hath his just task outlay'd;
I read, Apollo court, I rouse my Muse;
Then I anoynt me, and stript willing loose
My self on a soft plat, from us'ry blest;
I dine, drink, sing, play, bath, I sup, I rest.

AD FABULLUM. CATUL. LIB. I. EP. 13

CÆNABIS bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
Paucis, si dii tibi favent, diebus;
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cænam, non sine candidâ puellâ,
Et vino, et sale, et omnibus cachinnis.
Hæc si, inquam, attuleris, Fabulle noster,
Cænabis bene: nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est aranearum.
Sed, contrâ, accipies meros amores,
Seu quod suavius elegantiusve est:
Nam unguentum dabo, quod meæ puellæ
Donârunt Veneres Cupidinesque;
Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
Totum te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

ENGLISHED

FABULLUS, I will treat you handsomely
Shortly, if the kind gods will favour thee.
If thou dost bring with thee a del'cate messe,
An olio or so, a pretty lass,
Brisk wine, sharp tales, all sorts of drollery,
These if thou bringst (I say) along with thee,

You shall feed highly, friend: for, know, the ebbs
Of my lank purse are full of spiders webs;
But then again you shall receive clear love,
Or what more grateful or more sweet may prove:
For with an ointment I will favour thee
My Venus's and Cupids gave to me,
Of which once smelt, the gods thou wilt implore,
Fabullus, that they'd make thee nose all ore.

MART. LIB. I. EPI. 14

CASTA suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit:
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

ENGLISHED

WHEN brave chast Arria to her Pœtus gave
The sword from her own breast did bleeding wave:
If there be faith, this wound smarts not, said she;
But what you'l make, ah, that will murder me.

MART. EPI. XLIII. LIB. I

CONJUGIS audîsset fatum cum Portia Bruti,
Et substracta sibi quæreret arma dolor,
Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari,
Credideram satis hoc vos docuisse patrem.
Dixit, et ardentes avido bibit ore favillas.
I nunc, et ferrum turba molesta nega.

IN ENGLISH

WHEN Portia her dear lord's sad fate did hear,
And noble grief sought arms were hid from her:
Know you not yet no hinderance of death is,
Cato, I thought, enough had taught you this,
So said, her thirsty lips drink flaming coales:
Go now, deny me steel, officious fools!

MART. EP. XV. LIB. 6

DUM Phaetonteâ formica vagatur in umbrâ,
Implicuit tenuem succina gutta feram,
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

ENGLISHED

WHILST in an amber-shade the ant doth feast,
A gummy drop ensnares the small wild-beast,
A full reward of all her toyls hath she;
'Tis to be thought she would her self so die.

MAR. LIB. IV. EP. 33.

ET latet et lucet, Phaetontide condita guttâ
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Sic modo, quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
Funeribus facta est jam preciosa suis.

IN ENGLISH

BOTH lurks and shines, hid in an amber tear,
The bee, in her own nectar prisoner;
So she, who in her life time was contemn'd,
Ev'n in her very funerals is gemm'd.

MART. LIB. VIII. EP. 19

PAUPER videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.

IN ENGLISH

CINNA seems poor in show,
And he is so.

OUT OF THE ANTHOLOGIE

Εσβεσε τὸν λύχνον μῶρος ψύλλων ἀπὸ πόλλων
Δακνόμενος, λεξας· οὐκ ἔτί με βλέπετε.

IN AN ENGLISH DISTICK

A FOOL, much bit by fleas, put out the light;
You shall not see me now (quoth he); good night.

IN RUFUM. CATUL. EP. 64

NOLI admirari, quare tibi fœmina nulla,
Rufe, velit tenerum supposuisse femur;
Non ullam raræ labefactes munere vestis,
Aut pellucidulis deliciis lapidis.
Lædit te quædam mala fabula, quâ tibi fertur
Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.
Hunc metuunt omnes, neque mirum: nam mala valde est
Bestia, nec quicum bela puella cubet.
Quare aut crudelem nasorum interfice pestem,
Aut admirari desine, cur fugiant.

TO RUFUS

THAT no fair woman will, wonder not why,
Clap (Rufus) under thine her tender thigh;
Not a silk gown shall once melt one of them,
Nor the delights of a transparent gemme.
A scurvy story kills thee, which doth tell,
That in thine armpits a fierce goat doth dwell.
Him they all fear full of an ugly stench:
Nor 's 't fit he should lye with a handsome wench;
Wherefore this noses cursed plague first crush,
Or cease to wonder, why they fly you thus.

CATUL. EP. 71

DE INCONSTANTIÂ FŒMINEI AMORIS

NULLI se dicit mulier mea nubere velle,
Quam mihi: non, si Jupiter ipse petat;
Dicit; sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

FEMALE INCONSTANCY

My mistresse sayes she'll marry none but me;
No, not if Jove himself a suitor be.
She sayes so; but what women say to kind
Lovers, we write in rapid streams and wind.

AD LESBIAM. CAT. EP. 73

DICEBAS quondam, solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec præ me velle tenere Jovem;
Dilexi tum te, non tantum ut vulgus amicam,
Sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.
Nunc te cognovi, quare et impensius uror,
Multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.
Qui potis est inquis, quod amantem injuria talis
Cogat amare magis, sed bene velle minus?
Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;
Nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

ENGLISHED

THAT me alone you lov'd, you once did say,
Nor should I to the king of gods give way.
Then I lov'd thee not as a common dear,
But as a father doth his children chear.
Now thee I know, more bitterly I smart;
Yet thou to me more light and cheaper art.
What pow'r is this? that such a wrong should press
Me to love more, yet wish thee well much lesse.
I hate and love; would'st thou the reason know?
I know not; but I burn, and feel it so.

IN LESBIAM. CAT. EP. 76

HUC est mens deducta tuâ, mea Lesbia, culpâ,
Atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo.
Ut jam nec bene velle queam tibi, si optima sias:
Nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

ENGLISHED

By thy fault is my mind brought to that pass,
That it its office quite forgotten has:
For be'est thou best, I cannot wish thee well,
And be'est thou worst, then I must love thee still.

AD QUINTIUM. CAT. EP. 83

QUINTI, si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum,
Aut aliud si quid carius est oculis,
Eripere ei noli, multo quod carius illi
Est oculis, seu quid carius est oculis.

TO QUINTIUS

QUINTIUS, if you'l endear Catullus eyes,
Or what he dearer then his eyes doth prize,
Ravish not what is dearer then his eyes,
Or what he dearer then his eyes doth prize.

DE QUINTIA ET LESBIA. EP. 87

QUINTIA formosa est multis, mihi candida, longa,
Recta est; hæc ego sic singula confiteor:
Tota illud formosa nego: nam multa venustas;
Nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosa est quæ, cum pulcherrima tota est,
Tum omnibus una omneis surripuit veneres.

ENGLISHED

QUINTIA is handsome, fair, tall, straight: all these
Very particulars I grant with ease:
But she all ore 's not handsome; here's her fault:
In all that bulk there's not one corne of salt,
Whilst Lesbia, fair and handsome too all ore,
All graces and all wit from all hath bore.

DE SUO IN LESBIAM AMORE. EP. 88

NULLA potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
Verè, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est;
Nulla fides ullo fuit unquam fædere tantâ,
Quanta in amore suo ex parte reperta meâ est.

ENGLISHED

No one can boast her self so much belov'd,
Truely as Lesbia my affections prov'd;
No faith was ere with such a firm knot bound,
As in my love on my part I have found.

AD SYLONEM. EP. 104

AUT sodes mihi redde decem sestertia, Sylo,
Deindo esto quam vis sævus et indomitus;
Aut si te nummi delectant, desine, quæso,
Leno esse, atque idem sævus et indomitus.

ENGLISHED

SYLO, pray pay me my ten sesterces,
Then rant and roar as much as you shall please;
Or if that mony takes [you,] pray, give ore
To be a pimp, or else to rant and roar.

ELEGIES

Sacred to the Memory of

the Author

By ſeveral of his friends

∴

Collected and Publiſhed by

D. P. L.

Nunquam ego te vitâ frater ambilior
Adſpiciam poſthac; at certè ſemper amabo.

CATULLUS

LONDON

Printed 1660

ELEGIES

TO THE MEMORY OF MY WORTHY FRIEND COLL. RICHARD LOVELACE

TO pay my love to thee, and pay it so,
As honest men should what they justly owe,
Were to write better of thy life, then can
The assured'st pen of the most worthy man.
Such was thy composition, such thy mind,
Improv'd from vertue, and from vice refin'd;
Thy youth an abstract of the world's best parts,
Invr'd to arms and exercis'd to arts,
Which, with the vigour of a man, became
Thine and thy countries piramids of fame.
Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth
Into the paths of honour and of truth.

These parts (so rarely met) made up in thee,
What man should in his full perfection be:
So sweet a temper into every sence
And each affection breath'd an influence,
As smooth'd them to a calme, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed blood,

Without a wrinckle in thy face, to show
Thy stable breast could a disturbance know.
In fortune humble, constant in mischance;
Expert in both, and both serv'd to advance
Thy name by various trialls of thy spirit,
And give the testimony of thy merit.
Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
And learned to an undisputed pen;
Good as the best in both and great, but yet
No dangerous courage nor offensive wit.
These ever serv'd the one for to defend,
The other, nobly to advance thy friend,
Under which title I have found my name
Fix'd in the living chronicle of fame
To times succeeding: yet I hence must go,
Displeas'd I cannot celebrate thee so.
But what respect, acknowledgement and love,
What these together, when improv'd, improve:
Call it by any name (so it express
Ought like a tribute to thy worthyness,
And may my bounden gratitude become)
LOVELACE, I offer at thy honour'd tomb.
And though thy vertues many friends have bred
To love thee liveing, and lament thee dead,

In characters far better couch'd then these,
Mine will not blott thy fame, nor theirs encrease.
'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
That, maugre time and fate, it shall not dye.

Sic flevit.

CHARLES COTTON

UPON THE POSTHUME AND PRECIOUS POEMS OF THE NOBLY EXTRACTED GENTLEMAN MR. R. L.

THE rose and other fragrant flowers smell best,
When they are pluck'd and worn in hand or brest,
So this fair flow'r of vertue, this rare bud
Of wit, smells now as fresh as when he stood;
And in these Posthume-Poems lets us know,
He on the banks of Helicon did grow.
The beauty of his soul did correspond
With his sweet out-side: nay, it went beyond.
LOVELACE, the minion of the Thespian dames,
Apollo's darling, born with Enthean flames,
Which in his numbers wave and shine so clear,
As sparks refracted from rich gemmes appear;
Such flames that may inspire, and atoms cast,
To make new poets not like him in hast.

JAM. HOWELL

AN ELEGIE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MY LATE HONOURED FRIEND COLLONELL RICHARD LOVELACE

PARDON (blest shade), that I thus crowd to be
'Mong those that sin unto thy memory,
And that I think unvalu'd reliques spread,
And am the first that pillages the dead;
Since who would be thy mourner as befits,
But an officious sacriledge commits.
How my tears strive to do thee fairer right,
And from the characters divide my sight.
Untill it (dimmer) a new torrent swells,
And what obscur'd it, falls my spectacles.
Let the luxurious floods impulsive rise,
As they would not be wept, but weep the eyes,
The while earth melts, and we above it lye
But the weak bubbles of mortalitie;
Until our griefs are drawn up by the Sun,
And that (too) drop the exhalation.
How in thy dust we humble now our pride,
And bring thee a whole people mortifi'd!
For who expects not death, now thou art gone,
Shows his low folly, not religion.

Can the poetick heaven still hold on
The golden dance, when the first mover's gon?
And the snatch'd fires (which circularly hurl'd)
In their strong rapture glimmer to the world,
And not stupendiously rather rise
The tapers unto these solemnities?
Can the chords move in tune, when thou dost dye,
At once their universal harmony?
But where Apollo's harp (with murmur) laid,
Had to the stones a melody convey'd,
They by some pebble summon'd would reply
In loud results to every battery;
Thus do we come unto thy marble room,
To eccho from the musick of thy tombe.
May we dare speak thee dead, that wouldest be
In thy remove only not such as we?
No wonder, the advance is from us hid;
Earth could not lift thee higher then it did!
And thou, that didst grow up so ever nigh,
Art but now gone to immortality!
So near to where thou art, thou here didst dwell,
The change to thee is less perceptible.
Thy but unably-comprehending clay,
To what could not be circumscrib'd, gave way,

And the more spacious tennant to return,
Crack'd (in the two restrain'd estate) its urn.
That is but left to a successive trust;
The soul's first buried in his bodies dust.
Thou more thy self, now thou art less confin'd,
Art not concern'd in what is left behind;
While we sustain the losse that thou art gone,
Un-essenc'd in the separation;
And he that weeps thy funerall, in one
Is pious to the widdow'd nation.
And under what (now) covert must I sing,
Secure as if beneath a cherub's wing;
When thou hast tane thy flight hence, and art nigh
In place to some related hierarchie,
Where a bright wreath of glories doth but set
Upon thy head an equal coronet;
And thou, above our humble converse gon,
Canst but be reach'd by contemplation.
Our lutes (as thine was touch'd) were vocall by,
And thence receiv'd the soul by sympathy,
That did above the threds inspiring creep,
And with soft whispers broke the am'rous sleep;
Which now no more (mov'd with the sweet surprise)
Awake into delicious rapsodies;
But with their silent mistress do comply,

And fast in undisturbed slumbers lye.
  How from thy first ascent thou didst disperse
A blushing warmth throughout the universe,
While near the morns Lucasta's fires did glow,
And to the earth a purer dawn did throw.
We ever saw thee in the roll of fame
Advancing thy already deathless name;
And though it could but be above its fate,
Thou would'st, however, super-errogate.
  Now as in Venice, when the wanton State
Before a Spaniard spread their crowded plate,
He made it the sage business of his eye
To find the root of the wild treasury;
So learn't from that exchequer but the more
To rate his masters vegetable ore.
Thus when the Greek and Latin muse we read,
As but the cold inscriptions of the dead,
We to advantage then admired thee,
Who did'st live on still with thy poesie;
And in our proud enjoyments never knew
The end of the unruly wealth that grew.
But now we have the last dear ingots gain'd,
And the free vein (however rich) is drein'd;
Though what thou hast bequeathed us, no space
Of this worlds span of time shall ere embrace.

But as who sometimes knew not to conclude
Upon the waters strange vicissitude,
Did to the ocean himself commit,
That it might comprehend what could not it,
So we in our endeavours must out-done
Be swallowed up within thy Helicon.

Thou, who art layd up in thy precious cave,
And from the hollow spaces of thy grave,
We still may mourn in tune, but must alone
Hereafter hope to quaver out a grone;
No more the chirping sonnets with shrill notes
Must henceforth volley from our treble throtes;
But each sad accent must be humour'd well
To the deep solemn organ of thy cell.

Why should some rude hand carve thy sacred stone,
And there incise a cheap inscription?
When we can shed the tribute of our tears
So long, till the relenting marble wears;
Which shall such order in their cadence keep,
That they a native epitaph shall weep;
Untill each letter spelt distinctly lyes,
Cut by the mystick droppings of our eyes.

EL. REVETT

AN ELEGIE

ME thinks, when kings, prophets, and poets dye,
We should not bid men weep, nor ask them why,
But the great loss should by instinct impair
The nations, like a pestilential ayr,
And in a moment men should feel the cramp
Of grief, like persons poyson'd with a damp.
All things in nature should their death deplore,
And the sun look less lovely than before;
The fixed stars should change their constant spaces,
And comets cast abroad their flagrant faces.
Yet still we see princes and poets fall
Without their proper pomp of funerall;
Men look about, as if they nere had known
The poets lawrell or the princes crown;
Lovelace hath long been dead, and he can be
Oblig'd to no man for an elegie.
Are you all turn'd to silence, or did he
Retain the only sap of poesie,
That kept all branches living? must his fall
Set an eternal period upon all?
So when a spring-tide doth begin to fly

From the green shoar, each neighbouring creek grows
dry.
But why do I so pettishly detract
An age that is so perfect, so exact?
In all things excellent, it is a fame
Or glory to deceased Lovelace name:
For he is weak in wit, who doth deprave
Anothers worth to make his own seem brave;
And this was not his aim: nor is it mine.
I now conceive the scope of their designe,
Which is with one consent to bring and burn
Contributary incence on his urn,
Where each mans love and fancy shall be try'd,
As when great Johnson or brave Shakespear dyed.
Wits must unite: for ignorance, we see,
Hath got a great train of artillerie:
Yet neither shall nor can it blast the fame
And honour of deceased Lovelace name,
Whose own *Lucasta* can support his credit
Amongst all such who knowingly have read it;
But who that praise can by desert discusse
Due to those poems that are posthumous?
And if the last conceptions are the best,
Those by degrees do much transcend the rest;
So full, so fluent, that they richly sute

With Orpheus lire, or with Anacreons lute,
And he shall melt his wing, that shall aspire
To reach a fancy or one accent higher.
Holland and France have known his nobler parts,
And found him excellent in arms and arts.
To sum up all, few men of fame but know,
He was *tam Marti*, *quam Mercurio*.

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND

CAPT. DUDLEY LOVELACE

UPON HIS EDITION OF HIS BROTHERS POEMS

THY pious hand, planting fraternal bayes,
Deserving is of most egregious praise;
Since 'tis the organ doth to us convey
From a descended sun so bright a ray.
Clear spirit! how much we are bound to thee
For this so great a liberalitie,
The truer worth of which by much exceeds
The western wealth, which such contention breeds!
Like the Infusing-God, from the well-head
Of poesie you have besprinkled
Our brows with holy drops, the very last,
Which from your Brother's happy pen were cast:
Yet as the last, the best; such matchlesse skill
From his divine alembick did distill.
Your honour'd Brother in the Elyzian shade
Will joy to know himself a laureat made
By your religious care, and that his urn
Doth him on earth immortal life return.
Your self you have a good physician shown
To his much grieved friends and to your own,

In giving this elixir'd medecine,
For greatest grief a soveraign anodine.
Sir, from your Brother y' have convey'd us bliss;
Now, since your genius so concurs with his,
Let your own quill our next enjoyments frame;
All must be rich, that's grac'd with Lovelace name.

SYMON OGNELL M.D. *Coningbrens.*

ON THE TRULY HONOURABLE

COLL. RICHARD LOVELACE

OCCASIONED BY THE PUBLICATION OF HIS POSTHUME-POEMS

ELEGIE

GREAT son of Mars, and of Minerva too!
With what oblations must we come to woo
Thy sacred soul to look down from above,
And see how much thy memory we love,
Whose happy pen so pleased amorous ears,
And, lifting bright *Lucasta* to the sphears,
Her in the star-bespangled orb did set
Above fair Ariadnes coronet,
Leaving a pattern to succeeding wits,
By which to sing forth their Pythonick fits.
Shall we bring tears and sighs? no, no! then we
Should but bemone our selves for loosing thee,
Or else thy happiness seem to deny,
Or to repine at thy felicity.
Then, whilst we chant out thine immortal praise,
Our offerings shall be onely sprigs of bays;
And if our tears will needs their brinks out-fly,
We'l weep them forth into an elegy,
To tell the world, how deep fates wounded wit,

When Atropos the lovely Lovelace hit!
How th' active fire, which cloath'd thy gen'rous mind,
Consum'd the water, and the earth calcin'd
Untill a stronger heat by death was given,
Which sublimated thy poor soul to heaven.
Thou knew'st right well to guide the warlike steed,
And yet could'st court the Muses with full speed
And such success, that the inspiring Nine
Have fill'd their Thespian fountain so with brine.
Henceforth we can expect no lyrick lay,
But biting satyres through the world must stray.
Bellona joyns with fair Erato too,
And with the Destinies do keep adoe,
Whom thus she queries: could not you awhile
Reprieve his life, until another file
Of poems such as these had been drawn up?
The fates reply'd that thou wert taken up,
A sacrifice unto the deities;
Since things most perfect please their holy eyes,
And that no other victim could be found
With so much learning and true virtue crown'd.
Since it is so, in peace for ever rest;
'Tis very just that God should have the best.

SYM. OGNELL M.D. *Coningbrens.*

ON MY BROTHER

LOVELACE is dead! then let the world return
To its first chaos, mufled in its urn;
The stars and elements together lye,
Drench'd in perpetual obscurity,
And the whole machine in confusion be,
As immethodick as an anarchie.
May the great eye of day weep out his light,
Pale Cynthia leave the regiment of night,
The galaxia, all in sables dight,
Send forth no corruscations to our sight,
The Sister-Graces and the sacred Nine,
Statu'd with grief, attend upon his shrine,
Whose worth, whose loss, should we but truly rate,
'Twould puzzle our arithmetic to state
Th' accompt of vertu's so transcendent high,
Number and value reach infinity.
Did I pronounce him dead! no, no! he lives,
And from his aromatique cell he gives
Spice-breathed fumes, whose oderiferous scent
(In zephre-gales which never can be spent)
Doth spread it self abroad, and much out-vies
The eastern bird in her self-sacrifice;
Or Father Phœbus, who to th' world derives

Such various and such multiformed lives,
Took notice that brave LOVELACE did inspire
The universe with his Promethean fire,
And snatcht him hence, before his thread was spun,
En'ving that here should be another Sun.

T. L.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR BROTHER

EPITAPH

TREAD (reader) gently, gently ore
The happy dust beneath this floor:
For in this narrow vault is set
An alablaster cabinet,
Wherein both arts and arms were put,
Like Homers Iliads in a nut,
Till Death with slow and easie pace
Snatcht the bright jewell from the case;
And now, transform'd, he doth arise
A constellation in the skies,
Teaching the blinded world the way,
Through night, to startle into day:
And shipwrackt shades, with steady hand,
He steers unto th' Elizian land.

DUDLEY POSTHUMUS-LOVELACE

THE END

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Lovelace, Richard
Lucasta

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